

# AFTERMATH



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# *The Aftermath*

*Published by the  
Class of  
Nineteen Hundred  
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*of the WORCESTER  
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## PROLOGUE.

"Should you ask me whence these stories  
Whence these legends and traditions"  
Full of snobs and grinds and satire  
Aimed with no bad intentions  
At the faculty and students;  
Stories of our glorious doings,  
Now we've fooled the other classes,  
Of the customs we've established,  
And the scores of other happenings  
Which are in this book related,—  
I should tell you, "Go mount Tech Hill;  
Climb with never faltering spirit  
Up that mild and gentle incline.  
There you'll find the sparkling fountain  
From which issued these concoctions."

So when you peruse this booklet,  
If perchance, the time you squander,  
And you think we've stabbed too deeply,  
That our satire is too cutting,—  
Pray you, judge us with all mercy,  
With all kindness and forbearance.





TRUSTINGLY TO OUR  
NEW PRESIDENT  
**Dr. Edmund Arthur Engler**  
AND  
HOPEFULLY TO THE  
FUTURE OF THE INSTITUTE  
WE DEDICATE THIS  
VOLUME



## Edmund Arthur Engler, Ph.D., LL.D.

President



R. EDMUND A. ENGLER, our new President, was elected to the office he now fills on April 20, 1901, and assumed his duties at the beginning of the present college year. Dr. Engler was born in St. Louis, and received his education at Washington University, from which institution he received his bachelor's degree, and, after several years of graduate study, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. His special line of study was mathematics, in which he possessed great ability. Soon after graduation he was appointed an instructor at the University and afterwards was promoted to a professorship.

A few years ago he was appointed Dean of the College of Engineering connected with Washington University, which office brought him into close contact with men high in the profession. Such well-known men as Dr. H. S. Pritchett, President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Prof. W. S. Chaplin, formerly Dean of Lawrence Scientific School, and Prof. J. B. Johnson, Dean of the College of Engineering at Wisconsin University, were his associates at the St. Louis Institution. From the above-named position Dr. Engler was called to Worcester; and during the brief time he has been here he has impressed his personality on both the Institute and the people of Worcester, among whom he has found a cordial reception.



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WALTER L. JENNINGS, Ph.D.	<i>Professor of Organic Chemistry</i>
ZELOTES W. COOMBS, A.M.	<i>Assistant Professor of Modern Languages</i>
SIDNEY A. REEVE, M.E.	<i>Professor of Steam and Hydraulic Engineering</i>
HAROLD B. SMITH, M.E.	<i>Professor of Electrical Engineering</i>
CLARENCE A. CHANDLER, S.B.	<i>Superintendent of Washburn Shops</i>
ARTHUR W. FRENCH, C.E.	<i>Professor of Civil Engineering</i>
A. WILMER DUFF, M.A., B.Sc. (Edin.)	<i>Professor of Physics</i>
ALBERT KINGSBURY, M.E.	<i>Professor of Applied Mechanics</i>
FORREST R. JONES, M.E.	<i>Professor of Drawing and Machine Design</i>
ALTON L. SMITH, M.S.	<i>Assistant Professor of Drawing and Machine Design</i>
JOSEPH O. PHELON, M.M.E.	<i>Assistant Professor of Electrical Engineering</i>



Instructors



ROBERT C. SWEETSER, S.B.	Instructor in Inorganic Chemistry
DANIEL F. O'REGAN, S.B.	Instructor in Chemistry and Mineralogy
CHARLES M. ALLEN, M.S.	Instructor in Hydraulics
BENJAMIN S. MERIGOLD, A.M.	Instructor in Industrial Chemistry
ARTHUR W. EWELL, Ph.D.	Instructor in Physics
ARTHUR J. WOOD, M.E.	Instructor in Mechanical Engineering
HOWARD C. IVES, C.E.	Instructor in Civil Engineering
GEORGE G. BENNETT, S.B.	Instructor in Mathematics
ARTHUR L. COOK, S.B.	Graduate Assistant in Electrical Engineering
NOAH ASHWORTH	Instructor in Management of Engines and Boilers



Instructors in Washburn Shops

CLIFFORD R. HARRIS, S.B.	Instructor in Woodwork
HOWARD P. FAIRFIELD	Instructor in Machine Work
JOHN JERNBERG	Instructor in Forge Work
CARL FORSMAN	Instructor in Moulding



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## Our Platform



S DURING our course we have spent considerable time in the study of economics, and have given consideration to the platforms of the great political parties of the country, we have slowly and perhaps unconsciously formulated for ourselves a number of principles in which we believe, and these principles form the platform upon which as a class we stand.

The first plank of this platform has to do with the length of the day. We advocate the adding of three hours to each day, making a total of twenty-seven hours, and also that the number of hours of sleep demanded by young men in order to keep healthy be reduced from seven hours to four. This will give the student six more hours per day for study, and besides benefiting him will enable the faculty to add several new subjects in each course.

Until this change is made we feel that the existing state of things at Tech should be altered in some respects. We consider the problem of athletics as one of perplexing importance. We have no gymnasium, we have no training table, we have no regular physical director and trainer, we have no facilities for indoor baseball and track practice, we have but little time for training of any kind. Nevertheless, we protest against the practice of playing prep. school and similar teams. If we defeat them we gain no glory. If they defeat us the experience is rather humiliating. We had far better play college teams and be defeated.

We believe in the method of raising athletic money introduced by our representatives on the Board of Directors ; namely, to make each class responsible for a certain amount of money, to collect by assessment as much as possible, and to make up the difference from the class treasury.

We deprecate the lack of student mass meetings, meetings where the entire student body and force of instructors should be brought together from time to time. We live too much to ourselves, and are

acquainted only in our own course or department or division. Whether these meetings should assume the form of chapel exercises, or lectures on current topics and matters of scientific interest by outside speakers, or some other form, we are not prepared to say ; but we hope that some such course will be adopted in the near future.

We commend the opening of Newton Hall as an Institute dormitory. The Hall has filled a long-felt want in the student life of the Polytechnic, and we hope that it will be continued.

We express our approval of the efforts of certain professors in arranging inspection trips. Although financial reasons sometimes interfere with our unlimited participation in the trips, we enjoy them when we do go, and derive much profit therefrom.

In the middle of our course we advocated an "open-door policy" in regard to the Boynton Hall Library, and we hereby express our thanks and appreciation of the change. We recommend that the policy be extended, at least during certain hours or on stated afternoons, to the geological, chemical, and other museums.

We denounce cribbing as dishonorable. We stand for clean, honest examinations, and are proud of the statement made to us by Prof. Haynes at the conclusion of our course with him.

We regard with disfavor the new ruling which the Shops have been obliged to make in regard to permit and extra work. We believe in the shop work, and we regret to see it cut down. A man is naturally more interested in that which he does for his friends or himself, which he is to use or see used, than in work which is cast aside or burned up, or put into the regular stock of the erecting department. Therefore any attempt to discourage the making of book-cases and desks, of picture frames and window-seats, of Morris chairs and wrought-iron lampstands by the students on extra time we view with disapproval and disappointment.

Our course has brought us varied experiences, and we have learned many lessons not found in books. We have come to understand human nature somewhat, and have lost much of the conceit that we carried away from our prep. schools. We realize that the world stands not in need of more men but of more man.





# BLASTS OF THE CLASSES



## Nineteen Hundred and Five



SEPTEMBER 18, 1901! It was an eventful day for about a hundred young fellows who gathered in old Boynton Hall, where many other classes have assembled, and awaited their fate. The new president, Dr. Engler, gave us the usual warnings and instructions and then Prof. Coombs read the assignments.

It will not be necessary to recount the experiences of our first week or two. We managed to find out where "we were at" in a short time, and soon discovered how to behave like real Tech students; that is, to look as wise and sleepy and tired as possible. (We've noticed it.—*Editors*.) But we had not been on the Hill very long before we found out that we were expected to destroy a certain amount of wood and glass during the year. Hence, under the kind instruction of two gentlemen whom we have learned to call "Hink" and "Danny," we have been taught how to saw wood and smash chemical apparatus (at our own expense).

Dr. Conant has given us enough practice in series so that we can tell at a glance whether a series of "flunks" is divergent or convergent. Some of us wonder if Prof. Cutler was not once a crack shot with the revolver, for the way in which he levels and aims his index finger at some poor fellow who was out to see his girl the night before would lead one to that opinion. Everyone has to have an "ideah" when we see that weapon pointed at us.

In the foundry we have learned how to make a concoction which is called a core after being baked. In the blacksmith shop we have learned that iron becomes hot when it is heated (witness our burned and blistered hands), and that this is a good place to do your "sparking" as well as in the electrical lab.—and sometimes in the library.

Early in the year we began to hear something about various football games and rushes, tugs-of-war and cane-rushes, to take place between our class and the Sophs. It was finally decided that we were to have an association football game at the Oval. The game was played. The Sophs., finding that we were proving too much for them, made off with the ball and then claimed the honors. It must be admitted that we *were* slow not to expect such a trick from such a gang of — well, never mind; but we made up for it. Some of the Sophs. got black eyes and the rest of them must have felt rather cheap. Some enterprising Soph. gave the reporter a tip, for the next morning a glowing account of the “Victorious Sophs. at Tech.” appeared in the paper. But if we did not get the ball, one ambitious Freshman got the best of the whole 1904’s. The Monday morning after the rush the barn in Bliss Field was a sight for sore eyes. (It was a sore sight. That’s a fact.—*Editors.*)

During our short existence we have had no reason to feel ashamed of the record we have made. To be sure we did not quite win that cross-country championship, but we came within a few points of winning second place from our antagonists, 1904.

On the football team 1905 was well represented. Our class organization is complete, and we have a constitution. In three years, more or less, we shall have pipes and canes. (Laudable ambition!—*Editors.*)

Long live the class of 1905.



## Freshman Class



### Mechanical Engineering

ADAMS, ALFRED E., Jr.  
BREAKER, HARRY O.  
CLANCY, RICHARD J.  
COLVIN, PERCY J.  
GAVIN, ROLAND H.  
HAGUE, ROBERT L.  
HILL, FREDERICK K.  
HOLMES, WINFIELD E.  
LAMB, JOHN E.  
LESLIE, HARTHAN F.  
LEWIS, RUSSELL W.  
MACFARLAND, WILLIAM A.  
MAGRAW, LESTER A.  
MORRILL, ALFRED R.

MORSE, ARTHUR W.  
MORSE, CHARLES L.  
O'DONNELL, JOHN D.  
RICE, MYRON W.  
ROSADO, MANUEL G.  
SHEDDON, LUCIUS C.  
SMITH, HEMAN W.  
SOUTHWICK, FREDERIC W., Jr.  
STEVENS, BILLINGS M.  
THOMPSON, MICHAEL J.  
WALKER, WALTER HENRY  
WHEELER, FOSTER R.  
WOOLDRIDGE, ARTHUR ROSS  
YOUNG, CHARLES H.

### Civil Engineering

BROWN, BURTIS S.  
CLOGHER, P. ALEXANDER  
COLE, ALDEN B.  
DADMUN, FRANK A.  
EMERSON, ROBERT F.  
EMERSON, WILLIAM S.  
FITCH, ROY A.

FRENCH, ROGER DEL.  
GREENE, ARTHUR M.  
LARNED, HAROLD B.  
MOAKLEY, ROBERT E.  
ROBINSON, REUBEN T.  
RODRIQUEZ, BENITO A.  
STEIMER, WILLIAM A.

### Chemistry

BARNES, LUCIEN T.  
BLISS, BENJAMIN B.  
CHICKERING, HORACE M.  
DUNCAN, R. CARLYLE  
EDDY, HARVEY M.  
GODDARD, ISAAC  
GOODNOW, EDWARD H.

HILBERT, FREDERIC L.  
HUNT, MURRAY H.  
MAXWELL, DANIEL H.  
QUINLAN, FRANK J.  
RILEY, WILLIAM G.  
WEBB, REGINALD LESTER  
WRIGHT, BURNETT B.



### Electrical Engineering

BLAKE, CHARLES B.  
BOWKER, GEORGE A.  
CLAPP, F. BOARDMAN, Jr.  
COLE, ALBERT N.  
DAVIS, FRANK H.  
DOUGHERTY, JOHN J.  
DRAKE, CHESTER W.  
ENBERG, STONE R.  
FORD, LEROY S.  
GILBERT, CHARLES H.  
GREELISH, DEVNEY J.  
HOLCOMB, ANSON M.  
INGHAM, WALTER P.  
JOHNSON, JOSEPH A.  
KANE, JOHN J.  
LINCOLN, FLYNT  
LOOMIS, EVERETT E.

MAGNA, JOSEPH N.  
MAGNA, RUSSELL W.  
MARSHALL, MANLEY D.  
MORSE, ERNEST C.  
NIXON, LOUIS G.  
OSGOOD, HARRY W.  
OSTRANDER, GEORGE E.  
POWERS, RIDGELY C.  
REDDING, W. CHESTER  
SCOTT, EDGAR G.  
SHARPE, WILLIAM D.  
SMITH, JOSEPH E.  
STONE, J. WALDO  
TOWER CHARLES H.  
WARE, CARL A.  
WHITTEMORE, GEORGE A.  
WINTERSGILL, HARRY LIVINGSTONE



## De Classe of 1904



IN the words of the old song,

“When we first came on this campus  
Freshmen we, as green as grass;”

but now, although we do not yet feel steady enough on our legs to smile very complacently on our past, we are less unsophisticated than during those ominous days of entrance examinations.

Soon after our matriculation at the Institute, and while we were still wondering how it ever happened, and what we were in for, we made the acquaintance of Mr. Clifford R. Harris, who, in his jovial, hearty way, speedily made us aware that we were here to serve HIM. How well do we remember that first day when, spick and span in brand new ninety-nine-cent overalls, we lined up in the lecture-room and were given our first glimpse of that smile. During this first year, too, we obtained a fair working knowledge of the important subject, “How and when to laugh.”

Soon after our instatement as free and accepted Freshmen, we attended a charming little social on “Harrington Field,” intended to promote good fellowship among the lower classes. Here we and the class of 1903 spent a few minutes in innocent and amiable communion, from whose ties we found it difficult to separate when Danny fired the pistol. At this delightful “function” we presented the Sophomores with a fine silver-mounted cane as a slight token of our esteem.

Later, in the spring, we again hobnobbed with our rivals, this time on historic Bliss Field, where we defeated them at baseball, incidentally giving a magnificent exhibition of the national game. Some say it was a “Comedy of Errors!” Immediately following this event was a five-o’clock tea, given by the ladies of the Sophomore class, and largely

attended by the Freshmen, who acted rather unruly and somewhat discomfited the '03's by running off with the menu card.

In the fall, returning from farm, from shop, and from seashore, we met once more in the chapel and sat in beaming, good-natured rows as President Engler spoke a few words of greeting. He was followed by Professor Coombs, who dashed forward and launched a few pages at us, which were intended to keep us out of mischief until we should receive our daily assignments of work.

The faculty, seeing the terrific way in which we carried all before us in the cane-rush of the year before, decided that it would be worse than cruelty to place the class of 1905 at our mercy, so the harmless game of football was substituted for the rougher contest of former years. A few of our men put on some old clothes and, strolling down to the Oval one afternoon, did up our opponents in a graceful and elegant manner. That evening of course was devoted to practicing Mr. A. L. Smith's different styles of lettering. But we have other studies besides athletics. There is a subject called Physics, and then there is Descript, through a few score of problems in which we have wriggled our way; while we have left an inky trail marking our course from A to Z in Mechanical Drawing.

In the machine shops we sit on our high stools and ponder over our labors here, while more and more we come to regard even the eating of a cream puff as a business proposition,—for Pop. And then as we watch the work revolving, and the diamond point slicing smoothly into the metal, the Present leaves us and we drop into a revery in which the shining steel becomes the symbol of our life. 'Twas much as a rough, unwieldy rod of metal that we underwent the first attacks of the journeyman. And what was accomplished during all those years of grammar school instruction? Scarcely the center marking and punching. Then in high school or academy we were drilled and reamed and faced up. Next Tech. picked us up, and right skillfully did she take the roughing cut. Some of us chattered badly, for there were many soft spots. Some were poorly centered and others had been cast from faulty patterns; but by June we had begun to take on a finished appearance and were awaiting the future operations of the workman. But what is this? The grinder! Ah! how we twist and turn as the relentless emery tears its



way into our very marrow, and the workman, fiendishly exulting, puts on more speed! But we see even this harsh treatment ended at last; and then after another rest we shall be hurried to the drill-press, the milling machine, and all the other complex devices of the Junior year, from which we shall emerge—most done. Then after a little [Indeed! — *Editors*] draw polishing and scraping as Seniors, we shall take our place among the finished machinery of the age; some rough iron, others burnished steel; one the patient, unnoticed countershaft pulley; another, perhaps, the controlling lever of a Corliss engine, but all reflecting credit on the shop which sent us out.

But our tool is almost across and we must stop; and, too, we seem to hear the familiar words of our favorite professor: “Now ——”



## Sophomore Class



### Mechanical Engineering

BURKE, WILLIAM H.  
DOWD, THOMAS D.  
FORSSTEDT, RALPH S.  
FOSTER, GEORGE M.  
HARTSHORN, RALPH E.  
HARVEY, HARRY E.  
LARKIN, EVERETT P.  
MERRITT, CLARENCE A.  
MITCHELL, W. HADWEN  
MORGRIDGE, WILLIAM F.

MURDOCK, DAVID C.  
RANKIN, ALFRED E.  
ROBINSON, GEORGE A.  
SIBLEY, PHILIP L.  
THAYER, CHARLES F.  
THOMPSON, H. LOUIS  
WALTER, JOSEPH H.  
WELD, ALFRED O.  
WRIGHT, HAROLD C.

### Civil Engineering

BREWER, WILLARD S.  
CHADWICK, CHESTER R.  
CHARLETON, ROBERT W.  
DICKERMAN, DWIGHT K.  
HOLDEN, G. SUMNER  
MIRICK, RICHARD W.

PELLISSIER, GEORGE E.  
RICE, JOHN S.  
RYLANDS, JOHN H.  
STERLING, LEGRAND E.  
WARNOCK, W. HAROLD  
WHEATON, WALTER R.

### Chemistry

ABBOTT, EDWARD R.  
BARNES, HENRY F.  
BLOCH, HAROLD S.  
BOOTH, ROBERT C.

CLARK, S. ROY  
DANIELS, FREDERICK C. T.  
FLETCHER, WILLIAM E.  
TAYLOR, GEORGE R.

## General Scientific

HARRINGTON, CHARLES B.

VINTON, WILLIAM W.

## Electrical Engineering

ADAMS, FRANCIS J.

ADAMS, ROBERT W.

ALLEN, FREDERIC E.

CENTER, ROBERT D.

DENNIS, C. E.

FEIKER, FRED M.

MORTON, CHARLES

PERRY, EDWARD C., Jr.

PETERSON, J. ALFRED

READ, FREDERICK W.

RICHARDSON, FREDERIC H.

SARGENT, PERCY G.

THOMPSON, ALVAN M.

WEBBER, FRANK G.







## Class History 1903



SOMETHING of the task of Gibbon and Bancroft is realized by a man who attempts to write the history of the class of 1903. It has existed but a few short years, yet what a glorious record to glance back upon as its members press forward towards new successes. The long list of victories won, from the first cane-rush in 1899 to the last cross-country run in 1901, is familiar to all. We recall the words of the "Father of his class," "Come on, get into it, boys," in the first cane-rush, and we certainly did get into it as 1902 will testify. The Profs. will testify that we have been getting into it ever since.

Next on the list of our signal victories came the Freshman-Senior football game. The day was cold and wet, but it was chillier for 1900 than for us, about in the ratio of 11 to 5.

The class games the next spring showed up the athletic material and the spirit of the class better than any other event in our course, and we carried the day most decisively. Later on our lady friends, who were growing in number, witnessed a gentle game of baseball which ended rather abruptly by a rush. The class of 1902 very kindly furnished our friends and ourselves with fitting souvenirs of the occasion, for which we heartily thank them. (Don't mention it. Entirely welcome.—*Editors.*)

Examinations over we returned home to enjoy a vacation after the year's work. Our good fortune in athletics continued through our Sophomore year, and we worked together with ever-increasing friendship and unity. Perhaps this fraternal spirit among the members of the class has been one of the great causes of our continued success.

Among other things we received our share of shop work, as the schedule was changed from two to three half days a week just as we entered our Sophomore year. Some of our members showed that the

course in free-hand drawing and printing could produce practical results, and the barn has had its full share in the celebration of our victories.

When we returned in the fall of 1901 we found the civils already on deck, and although they claimed to have been working hard for some time they seemed to be enjoying life very thoroughly, especially on moonlight nights.

We found new opportunities to add to our laurels this last fall, and the cross-country championship banner tells how well we made use of these opportunities. As ever we supported football, and for a second year we furnished a captain for the team. We continued to get into it in other ways as our records in the abstruse subjects of the Junior year will show; and we now aim to show what a model Senior class at Tech should be.

Such is a brief notice of the class of 1903. For a more extended account of its doings we refer you to our aftermath, which will soon appear before the public.

[ No ads accepted *except* at *Regular Rates*.— EDITORS.]



## Junior Class



### Mechanical Engineering

ARNOLD, ARTHUR A.  
BERGER, JOSEPH W.  
BROOKS, WALTER P.  
CAMPBELL, ARTHUR W.  
CHAFFIN, EDWIN G.  
DARLING, ALBERT W., Jr.  
GEARY, THOMAS W.  
HARDING, HARRIE N.  
HARRIS, CARL C.  
HAYWARD, RALPH H.

HOBBS, ADELBERT  
KIMBALL, ALBERT N.  
MESLER, CLINTON S.  
PARSONS, EDMUND S.  
PERKINS, ENOCH  
READ, GEORGE F., Jr.  
ROBERTS, EDWIN N.  
SHAW, RAYMOND E.  
SPENCE, JOHN C.  
WALSH, FRANCIS P.

### Civil Engineering

ALLEN, ARTHUR G.  
FEIGENSON, WILLIAM H.  
FIFIELD, HENRY L.  
HALL, ROBERT E.

MIRICK, RICHARD H.  
NICKERSON, RALPH W.  
TUFTS, HERBERT W.

### Chemistry

LANE, J. HAROLD  
LYFORD, C. ALLAN  
MORRIS, ROGER T.

POPE, WALTER BOYDEN  
WILLARD, CHARLES T.

### General Scientific

HENDRICKS, HENNING V.

HOWE, C. FLETCHER

### Electrical Engineering

DEARBORN, RICHARD J.  
DICKINSON, LEWIS E.  
FOOT, BENJAMIN D.  
GODDARD, WALTER T.  
ILSLEY, LEE CLYDE  
KIMBALL, ED. W.  
KNIGHT, CARL D.

MOREHOUSE, HARRY W.  
MUNROE, GEORGE E.  
POTTER, HENRY J.  
SANDFORD, J. ADDISON, Jr.  
STONE, EDWARD L., Jr.  
TRUESDELL, RALPH E.







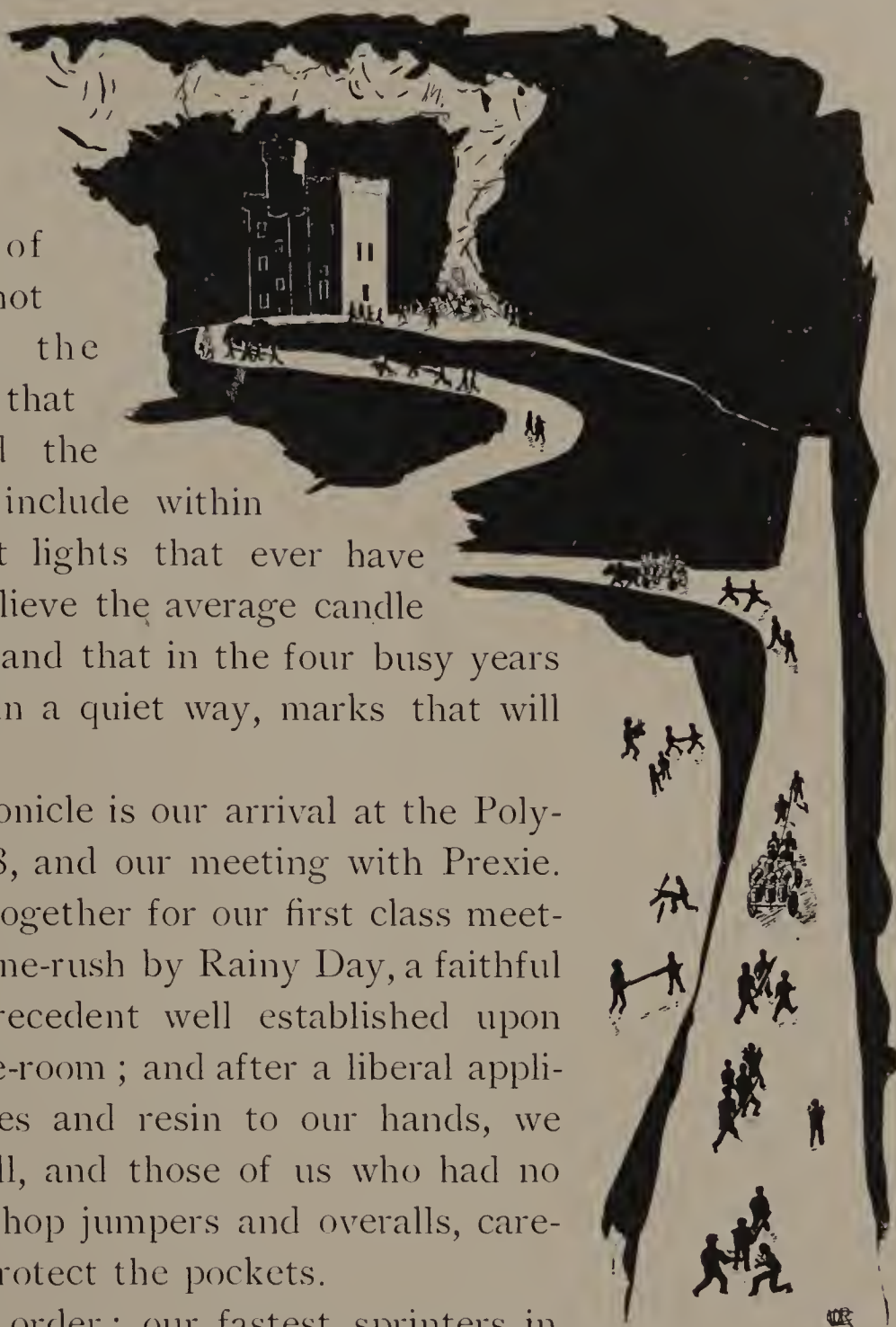
## Our Own Blast



THE Class of 1902 does not boast itself the greatest class that ever climbed the Hill, nor do we claim to include within our numbers the brightest lights that ever have shone at Tech.; but we believe the average candle power of the class is high, and that in the four busy years spent here we have left, in a quiet way, marks that will not soon be effaced.

The first event to chronicle is our arrival at the Polytechnic in September, 1898, and our meeting with Prexie. Soon after we were called together for our first class meeting and prepared for the Cane-rush by Rainy Day, a faithful member. According to precedent well established upon the Hill, we met in the pipe-room; and after a liberal application of paint to our faces and resin to our hands, we practiced our new class yell, and those of us who had no football suits donned our shop jumpers and overalls, carefully turned inside out to protect the pockets.

We lined up in good order; our fastest sprinters in front according to previous arrangement, but the referee was one of those instructors for whom we had not then lost the respect of youth, and of whose chem. quizzes we stood in more or less mortal fear. Therefore we remained quietly on the line. The Sophs. on the other hand, feared "Dan" no longer, and they pranced off their mark as the gun was raised, without further ceremony. With the cane nicely surrounded before we



got started we thought it a pity to take it away from them, and we looked forward to what would happen next year.

Class meetings came early and often, and we did considerable debating and decreeing. At this time we bought our dark green university hats and inaugurated the custom of wearing class caps, a practice which was soon after adopted by the upperclassmen and has been followed ever since by entering classes.



On February 27, 1899, we held a very successful Freshman banquet at the State Mutual Restaurant, meeting quietly at the Fire Department headquarters and marching to the banquet hall without losing a man. On the way home, Brigham, Perkins and Ross pinched a cobbler's sign, and Brigham in turn was pinched by one of Worcester's "finest." He was released on condition that he give the name of the chap who had the sign and secure its return. Fritz managed to stop his teeth chattering long enough to say that he thought Frank Stockton (Charlie Ross) had the sign, and started in pursuit. But when he turned the first corner, the ability he developed as a long-distance sprinter encouraged him to come out for the cross-countries the next fall.

Spring brought forth the baseball spirit. We organized a class team and played several games, the most memorable of which was that in which we defeated the shop nine. We went in to win the class games and would have succeeded had not the Juniors managed to score a few more points than we.

A few of our number had a five o'clock tea at the Creamerie one night after shop. Each man ordered as much or as little as he chose, but during the meal the checks were swapped secretly and appetites did not correspond with bills that day.

In the shop we did much as others have done before us. We paid the usual sacrifices to saws and planers. We played the same old tricks and a few new ones. A mosquito-like fluid was produced one day and handed in glee from one man to another. Some found its way to the arms of Mr. Sylvester's chair, and our good instructor sitting down shortly after and rubbing his hands back and forth over the chair arms as was his wont, furnished occupation for himself and amusement for the class which lasted well throughout the afternoon. Mr. Sylvester, how-



ever, was generally liked, and wood-room work was pleasant under his instruction. He had a remarkably wide experience which was always at our disposal. We were sorry to have him leave.

During the Sophomore year we renewed our acquaintance with "Dusty" Rhodes, and can see him yet pulling down Prof. Duff's illuminated soap-bubbles from the ceiling of the lecture-room with record-breaking jumps. His was a familiar figure at baseball games, where with stop-watch in hand he observed the time of flies and mentally calculated range, acceleration, etc. Well do we remember the day Prof. Conant made a mistake in our schedule and offered to make it up to us sometime with the assistance of "Pop." The next day we took "Old Pop" to class with us, basket and all, and ate at Prof. Conant's expense. We fear "Pop" or the Professor lost money that day, for cream puffs cost more than pop-corn. We assisted in the celebration of the 1901 Half-Way-Thro' to the discomfiture of many of their men, and we felt well repaid for the outlay made on cheap underwear wherewith to clothe our captives.

We also enjoyed one of our long-to-be-remembered evenings at 60 Woodland street, where Bill Jordan sang, with inimitable pathos and gestures, the Knowles Class-Faculty song.

On February 21, we entertained the Institute at a Flag-Raising. Addresses were delivered in the chapel and the new flag was presented and raised aloft by our class president, while Battery B fired the National Salute of twenty-one guns.

It was on this occasion that President Mendenhall dubbed us "The Modest Class," which compliment we have ever tried to be worthy of.

Blacksmith work was enlivened by many incidents, among which we recall the time Morse stepped on a piece of hot iron. When the iron burned through his shoe he hastily immersed his foot in the water barrel; and there was something besides smoke in the air as Morse slowly and fervently murmured, "God bless our home!" Phil. Curtis also came into prominence through his encounters with glass doors and



his wagers with Carl. He also made a trip on the shop elevator, got stuck at the top and had to kick open two doors to get down stairs, for which recreation he received a bill of five dollars from the Washburn Shops.

The Junior year brought more serious fun. A presidential campaign was on that fall and we marched in the torch-light parade with a drum corps, and afterwards held a commemorative bonfire on Bliss's Field. On election night we again went out in force. During the early part of the evening we took possession of the Park Theatre and ran the show. Later we gave a parade and ended with a bonfire on Bancroft Hill. It was an inspiring sight — a line of men in single file, stretching off for a quarter of a mile down the hill and across the boulevard, each man with his fence rail or part of a brush pile. And when all this wood was piled on that gathered during the afternoon and crowned with the gun-house, we had a bonfire worthy of the name.

Our Half-Way-Thro' Banquet at Webster furnished much amusement. We learned one night that we were expected to take a Webster car, and so we obligingly marched to Main street and did so. Seniors and Sophs. poured out of door-ways and alley-ways and a splendid scrap ensued. As we desired, our president was kidnapped, and under guard of Sophs. and Seniors piloted to Chandler Hill and the Lake and there detained until the banquet should be well under way. The banquet really came several days later and was a huge success, not to mention the excitement it furnished.



After the Cane-rush we spent another night out and guarded well the barn, but we fear Bill Hurly did not give us full credit for our services. During the spring we introduced yet another departure at Tech. and conducted a Junior Prom. With Brigham and Reed looking out for the business end and Day for the tone of the affair, it was a success in every way. The Mechanics and Electrics made enjoyable trips with Mr. Fairfield, Prof. Smith and Prof. Jones. We remember, with especial pleasure, our trip to Boston with Mr. Fairfield.



At the end of this year we spent an evening in South Worcester, and on the way home again ran up against our old friends, the Worcester police, with Gilbert as chief actor. Luckily, Louis is a chemist, and next morning, under the influence of Kelpie, the chemist's guardian angel, the charges against him were dissipated.

With the Senior year we met the stern realities of life and learned the meaning of the word "work" in earnest. The new dormitory, Newton Hall, became a pleasant feature in Tech. activities and furnished something of college life which hitherto had been lacking. We took a course in round chimneys and inductions under Prof. Coombs, and incidently got some points upon spelling and debating. About Christmas time we published, for the first time at Tech., a souvenir calendar. A mass meeting of students was held in the chapel, January 4, when amidst great enthusiasm the athletic emblems were awarded, the Tech. Marine Band rendering selections meanwhile.

We ran up against exams. once more, waded through lab. reports, copied notes by the volume, and yet the work piled up. But in some ways this last has been the best year of the course. Estimates and opinions of the faculty and of each other have changed. As our course nears completion we realize that our four years of strenuous life have not been in vain, and we regard Tech. from a new view-point and with new feelings of gratitude. "Our country, may she always be right ; but our country, right or wrong," expresses the sentiment we cherish toward this our Alma Mater.



OUR FRESHMAN GROUP



## Senior Class



### Mechanical Engineers

AU, CARL H.  
BLISS, ALBERT L.  
BRIGHAM, FRED C.  
CHAMBERS, ALFRED H.  
CLARK, L. O. RAY  
COLE, ARTHUR W.  
CURTIS, PHILIP N.  
DAVIS, WARREN H.  
DEXTER, A. MORTON  
FERGUSON, THOMAS W.  
HALL, WINTHROP G.  
HAWKES, HARRY E.  
HOLMES, FRED E.

JORDAN, WILLIAM A.  
KNOWLES, BURT IER.  
LAMBSON, D. CLINTON  
LARKIN, E. LESTER  
LYMAN, ELIHU ROOT  
MORSE, HOWARD M.  
NELSON, M. CLIFTON  
NEWTON, WALTER W.  
REEBY, R. ALVAN  
REED, E. HOWARD  
ROSS, CHARLES S.  
TABOR, STEPHEN L.

### Civil Engineers

CARTER, JAMES H.  
DERBY, CHESTER C.  
GREENE, HARRY H.  
KENDALL, ERNEST E.

LOFF, PHILIP  
SPENCER, PAUL B.  
WHITE, FRANK W.

### Chemists

GILBERT, LOUIS D.  
LAWRENCE, EDWIN T.  
McFARLAND, GEORGE S.

SPRAGUE, EDMUND C.  
THOMPSON, EUGENE D.  
WILLIAMSON, ARTHUR M.

### Electrical Engineers

ADAMS, WINFRED M.  
DAY, LEONARD  
HARDING, C. FRANK

HEINRITZ, WALTER J.  
SIGOURNEY, WILLARD H.  
COGGESHALL, ROBERT F.



## CLASS OFFICERS

### Officers of the Class of 1902

First Half		FRESHMAN	Second Half
<i>President,</i>	F. C. BRIGHAM		L. D. GILBERT
<i>Vice-President,</i>	G. W. WISE		F. C. BAXTER
<i>Secretary,</i>	E. G. CHAFFIN		W. G. HALL
<i>Treasurer,</i>	A. L. BLISS		C. C. DERBY
		SOPHOMORE	
<i>President,</i>	PHILIP LOFF		E. G. CHAFFIN
<i>Vice-President,</i>	E. G. CHAFFIN		E. H. REED
<i>Secretary,</i>	T. W. FERGUSON		H. F. BALDWIN
<i>Treasurer,</i>	A. M. DEXTER		J. H. CARTER
		JUNIOR	
<i>President,</i>	H. F. BALDWIN		S. L. TABOR
<i>Vice-President,</i>	W. H. SIGOURNEY		L. D. GOODENOUGH
<i>Secretary,</i>	P. B. SPENCER		R. A. REEBY
<i>Treasurer,</i>	S. L. TABOR		E. R. LYMAN
		SENIOR	
<i>President,</i>	C. S. ROSS		W. G. HALL
<i>Vice-President,</i>	L. O. R. CLARK		H. M. MORSE
<i>Secretary,</i>	E. E. KENDALL		E. R. LYMAN
<i>Treasurer,</i>	E. L. LARKIN		W. H. DAVIS



## The Seasons



WE were filled with strange emotions  
When we answered Worcester's beak,  
And essayed the path to learning  
On the mystic road to Tech.

But the Office started sifting  
The elect from non-elect;  
And we trod the path to learning  
On the rocky road through Tech.

Then we buckled down to business  
And each worked to save his neck,  
And we trod the path to learning  
On the royal road through Tech.

When in shop we spent vacations  
All our visions went to wreck,  
Then we trod the path to learning  
On the weary road through Tech.

Now at last we near the finish,  
And with joy we recollect  
How we've trod the path to learning  
On the dear old road through Tech.

Soon will come the bright commencement,  
And with courage strong on deck  
We shall follow on to learning  
On the far-famed road from Tech.

# THE JUNIOR PROM

Terpsichorean Hall, March twenty-nine,  
Nineteen hundred and one.

## Ashers

A. M. WILLIAMSON, '02	E. S. PARSONS, '03
H. M. MORSE, '02	E. F. BRUNDAGE, '04
J. H. CARTER, '02	A. J. VARRELMANN, '02

**I**N THE spring of 1901 some of the members of the modest class had another notion that something should be doing, and so a committee was appointed to do. Realizing the lack of social life at Tech. the class set out to give a Junior Prom, primarily to have a good time, and secondarily to start an annual assembly of Tech. men and their friends. The other classes took hold of the matter interestedly as did a few graduates in town,

and a very pleasant evening resulted. Wives of several members of the faculty acted as patronesses for the evening, and we were pleased to have many of the faculty and instructors with us. Potted palms and



the Institute colors made effective decorations, while each corner was given over to one of the classes to make attractive.

We are much gratified that the class of 1903 has stopped using the bellows for a short time and is working hard for a Junior Promenade to eclipse that given by 1902.

### 1902 Committee

E. H. REED  
F. C. BRIGHAM  
LEONARD DAY  
L. D. GILBERT

C. S. ROSS  
E. W. KIMBALL  
P. N. CURTIS  
A. M. WILLIAMSON



## A Book-Review of Church's "Mechanics"

*From the "Bookwoman" for February 29, 1902*



THE theme of this book is not attractive to the reader. Each chapter is a complete story in itself; the main topic of which can be brought out only by study and careful thought. The hero is the one who reads, and gets through the book without saying evil things. He is a hard person to find. The heroine is the young lady the hero goes to see and neglects the principal items of interest. As one advances from chapter to chapter, or from page to page, the deeper he becomes drawn into the nets of the soul-stirring calculus, a many-armed monster, always waiting to be (dis)integrated.

The saying "Truth is stranger than fiction" is true to a great extent. One whole chapter treats of friction and all readers rub up against it.

The author takes a strong position and backs up his statements with figures to prove them. He is an artist as well as an interesting (?) writer. His figures of speech are not well drawn, but his peaches of figures are. Some of his expressions are fast, viz., 60 miles per hour. Again, such an expression as  $p I E = \Pi$ , although self-evident is attractive to the reader.

One bad point against the book is its size. If it were reduced to the popular size of "Kent" or "Trautwine" or "Foster," it could be more readily carried about instead of being "forgotten." The writer is inquisitive. He asks many questions, not simply for rhetorical effect, but to set the reader to thinking.

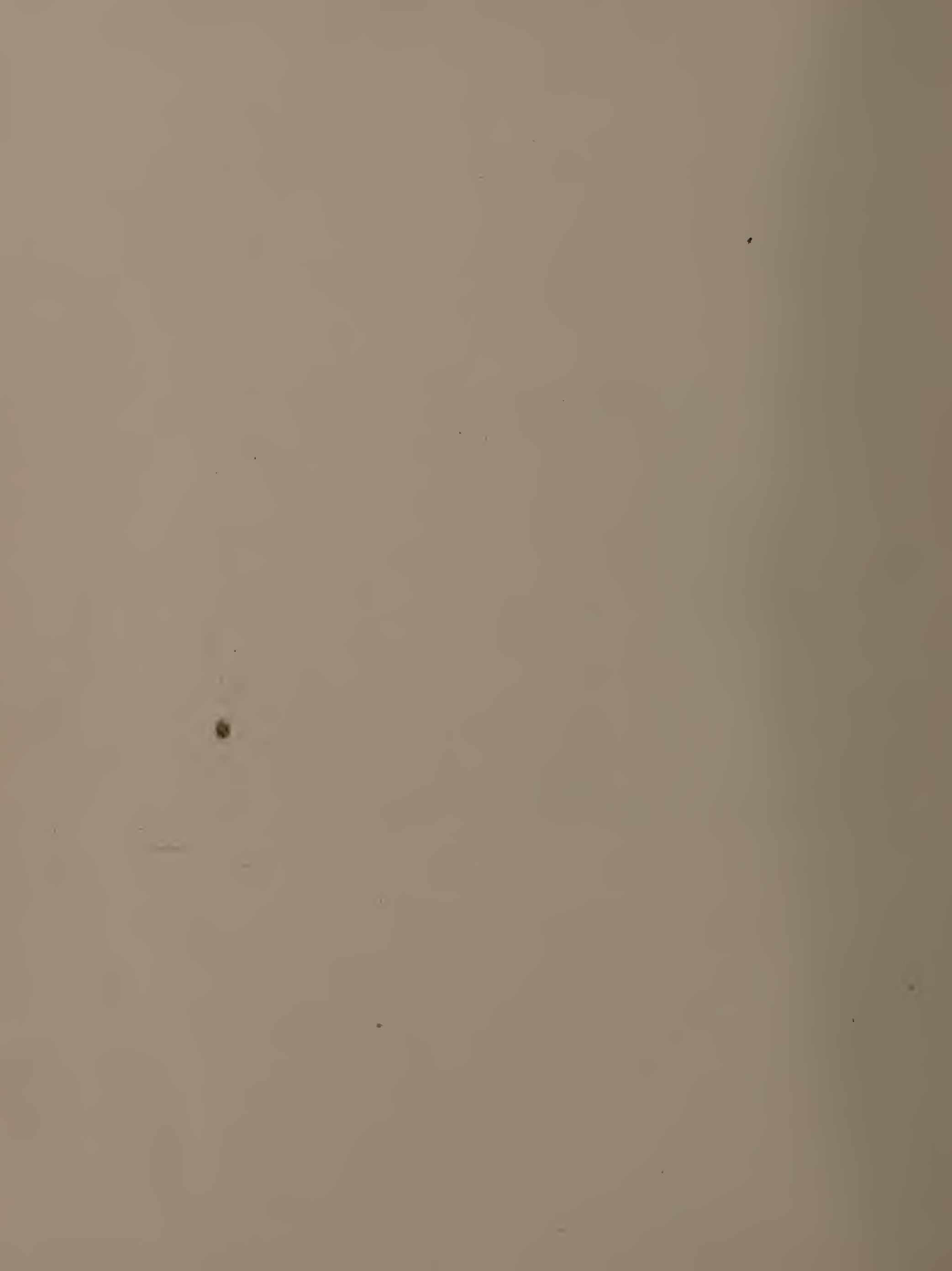
The story covers a period of two years. The time element required to read this book is  $\int dt$ , provided the limits are taken large enough. The characters of the  $\int$  book are mostly drawn from Greek life, such as  $\Sigma$ ,  $\Theta$ ,  $\Phi$ , etc.

The book ends, as good books should, with an index. We are glad the book was written, because otherwise a worse one might have been produced, and we are (not) sorry to leave it. Once, during our Senior year, we became so engulfed in the book that we preferred to have two sittings instead of one, that we might put more time on the subject.





SOUTH DRIVE







FRATERNITIES





THE AFTERMATH: *W. P. I.*

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Πι Ιota Chapter  
of the  
Φι Gamma Delta Fraternity

Established November 20, 1891



1902

PHILIP NASH CURTIS  
PHILIP LOFF

ADOLPH JEAN VARRELMANN

1903

WILLIAM ATKINS MCKENZIE  
HARRY WARNER MOREHOUSE

RAYMOND E. SHAW  
EDWARD LIVINGSTON STONE, Jr.

1904

HAROLD SAMUEL BLOCH  
NORMAN COOPER DAVIS  
HARTHAN FREEMAN LESLIE  
CHARLES MORTON

JOHN HOLDSWORTH RYLANDS  
LEGRAND ELLIOT STERLING  
ALVAN MARS THOMPSON

1905

GEORGE EVERET BOWKER  
HORACE MILTON CHICKERING

ALBERT NEIL COLE  
HALSEY RAYMOND PHILBRICK







# Fraternity of Phi Gamma Delta

Founded in 1848



## Roll of Chapters

## Section I

OMEGA MU	.	.	.	.	.	.	University of Maine
IOTA MU	.	.	.	.	.	.	Massachusetts Institute of Technology
PI IOTA	.	.	.	.	.	.	Worcester Polytechnic Institute

## Section II

ALPHA CHI . . . . .	Amherst College
ALPHA NU . . . . .	Dartmouth College
TAU ALPHA . . . . .	Trinity College
NU DEUTERON . . . . .	Yale University

### Section III

UPSILON	.	.	.	.	.	.	College of the City of New York
OMEGA	.	.	.	.	.	.	Columbia University
NU EPSILON	.	.	.	.	.	.	University of the City of New York

## Section IV

THETA PSI	.	.	.	.	.	.	Colgate University
KAPPA NU	.	.	.	.	.	.	Cornell University
CHI	.	.	.	.	.	.	Union College
SIGMA NU	.	.	.	.	.	.	Syracuse University

## Section V

BETA	.	.	.	.	.	.	University of Pennsylvania
SIGMA DEUTERON	.	.	.	.	.	.	Lafayette College
BETA CHI	.	.	.	.	.	.	Lehigh University

## Section VI

[illegible]

## Section VII

BETA MU . . . . .	Johns Hopkins University
OMICRON . . . . .	University of Virginia
BETA DEUTERON . . . . .	Roanoke College
DELTA DEUTERON . . . . .	Hampden-Sidney College
ZETA DEUTERON . . . . .	Washington and Lee University
RHO CHI . . . . .	Richmond College

## Section VIII

ALPHA . . . . .	Washington and Jefferson College
PI . . . . .	Allegheny College
SIGMA . . . . .	Wittenburg College
THETA DEUTERON . . . . .	Ohio Wesleyan College
LAMBDA DEUTERON . . . . .	Dennison University
OMICRON . . . . .	Ohio State University
PI DEUTERON . . . . .	Wooster University

## Section IX

ZETA . . . . .	Indiana State University
LAMBDA . . . . .	De Pauw University
TAU . . . . .	Hanover College
PSI . . . . .	Wabash College

## Section X

KAPPA TAU . . . . .	University of Tennessee
NU . . . . .	Bethel College
THETA . . . . .	University of Alabama
TAU DEUTERON . . . . .	University of Texas

## Section XI

ALPHA DEUTERON . . . . .	Illinois Wesleyan University
GAMMA DEUTERON . . . . .	Knox College
CHI IOTA . . . . .	University of Illinois
MU . . . . .	University of Wisconsin
MU SIGMA . . . . .	University of Minnesota

## Section XII

PI DEUTERON . . . . .	University of Kansas
SIGMA PHI . . . . .	William Jewell College
LAMBDA NU . . . . .	University of Nebraska
CHI MU . . . . .	University of Missouri

## Section XIII

DELTA XI . . . . .	University of California
SIGMA TAU . . . . .	University of Washington







NINETEEN HUNDRED & TWO

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Massachusetts Delta Chapter  
of the  
Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity

Established March 10, 1894



1902

JAMES HAROLD CARTER  
ROBERT FARRINGTON COGGESHALL  
LOUIS DOUGLAS GILBERT  
GEORGE STUART MCFARLAND

EDGAR HOWARD REED  
EDMUND CLARENCE SPRAGUE  
ARTHUR MOORE WILLIAMSON

1903

ALBERT WILLIS DARLING, Jr.  
HENRY LIVINGSTONE FIFIELD  
ADELBERT HOBBS  
RICHARD HENRY MIRICK

JONAS WALTER NORCROSS  
ENOCH PERKINS  
CHARLES TURNER WILLARD

1904

EDWARD FOSGATE BRUNDAGE  
FRED MORRIS FEIKER  
FREDERIC KEITH HILL  
WINFIELD EVERETT HOLMES

EVERETT PIERCE LARKIN  
RUSSELL WILLIAM MAGNA  
WILLIAM HAROLD WARNOCK  
JOSEPH HARRY WALTER

1905

FRANK BOARDMAN CLAPP  
RICHARD JOHN CLANCY  
FLYNT LINCOLN

DANIEL HOWARD MAXWELL  
ROBERT EDWARDS MOAKLEY  
BURNETT BOARDMAN WRIGHT

# Fraternity of Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Founded in 1856



## Roll of Chapters

### Province Alpha

MASSACHUSETTS BETA-UPSILON	.	.	.	Boston University
MASSACHUSETTS IOTA-TAU	.	.	.	Massachusetts Institute of Technology
MASSACHUSETTS GAMMA	.	.	.	Harvard University
MASSACHUSETTS DELTA	.	.	.	Worcester Polytechnic Institute
MAINE ALPHA	.	.	.	University of Maine

### Province Beta

NEW YORK ALPHA	.	.	.	Cornell University
NEW YORK MU	.	.	.	Columbia University
NEW YORK SIGMA PHI	.	.	.	Saint Stephens College
PENNSYLVANIA OMEGA	.	.	.	Allegheny College
PENNSYLVANIA SIGMA CHI	.	.	.	Dickinson College
PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA ZETA	.	.	.	Pennsylvania State College
PENNSYLVANIA ZETA	.	.	.	Bucknell University
PENNSYLVANIA DELTA	.	.	.	Gettysburg College
PENNSYLVANIA THETA	.	.	.	University of Pennsylvania

### Province Gamma

VIRGINIA OMICRON	.	.	.	University of Virginia
VIRGINIA SIGMA	.	.	.	Washington and Lee University
NORTH CAROLINA XI	.	.	.	University of North Carolina
NORTH CAROLINA THETA	.	.	.	Davidson College
SOUTH CAROLINA GAMMA	.	.	.	Wofford College
GEORGIA BETA	.	.	.	University of Georgia
GEORGIA PSI	.	.	.	Mercer University
GEORGIA EPSILON	.	.	.	Emory College
GEORGIA PHI	.	.	.	Georgia School of Technology



Province Delta

MICHIGAN IOTA-BETA	.	.	.	.	.	University of Michigan
MICHIGAN ALPHA	.	.	.	.	.	Adrian College
OHIO SIGMA	.	.	.	.	.	Mount Union College
OHIO DELTA	.	.	.	.	.	Ohio Wesleyan University
OHIO EPSILON	.	.	.	.	.	University of Cincinnati
OHIO THETA	.	.	.	.	.	Ohio State University
INDIANA ALPHA	.	.	.	.	.	Franklin College
INDIANA BETA	.	.	.	.	.	Purdue University
ILLINOIS PSI-OMEGA	.	.	.	.	.	Northwestern University
ILLINOIS BETA	.	.	.	.	.	University of Illinois
MINNESOTA ALPHA	.	.	.	.	.	University of Minnesota

Province Epsilon

KENTUCKY KAPPA	.	.	.	.	.	Central University
KENTUCKY IOTA	.	.	.	.	.	Bethel College
KENTUCKY EPSILON	.	.	.	.	.	Kentucky State College
TENNESSEE ZETA	.	.	.	.	.	Southwestern Presbyterian University
TENNESSEE LAMBDA	.	.	.	.	.	Cumberland University
TENNESSEE NU	.	.	.	.	.	Vanderbilt University
TENNESSEE KAPPA	.	.	.	.	.	University of Tennessee
TENNESSEE OMEGA	.	.	.	.	.	University of the South
TENNESSEE ETA	.	.	.	.	.	Southwestern Baptist University
ALABAMA MU	.	.	.	.	.	University of Alabama
ALABAMA IOTA	.	.	.	.	.	Southern University
ALABAMA ALPHA MU	.	.	.	.	.	Alabama Polytechnic Institute

Province Eta

COLORADO CHI	.	.	.	.	.	University of Colorado
COLORADO ZETA	.	.	.	.	.	Denver University
CALIFORNIA ALPHA	.	.	.	.	.	Leland Stanford Jr. University
CALIFORNIA BETA	.	.	.	.	.	University of California

Province Theta

LOUISIANA EPSILON	.	.	.	.	.	Louisiana State University
LOUISIANA TAU UPSILON	.	.	.	.	.	Tulane University
MISSISSIPPI GAMMA	.	.	.	.	.	University of Mississippi
TEXAS RHO	.	.	.	.	.	University of Texas

## The Mystery of the Induction

Or, WHAT AILED THE ROUGH RITER

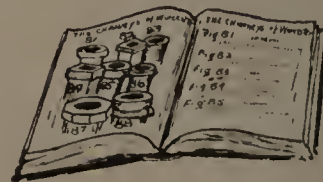


**I** WAS detained at the Institute somewhat later than usual the other afternoon, and while passing along the lower corridor in Boynton Hall, I heard a sort of shuffling noise above. Thinking to investigate, I crept noiselessly up the winding stairs and came to the door of room seventeen, where I paused in astonishment. There was our Rough Riter, busily engaged in moving the chairs about. He placed them in all possible combinations, in rows of four, five, six, and so on, and for each arrangement, he put down a mark on the blackboard. I wondered at this performance, but crept nearer to see what would come next. After finishing with the chairs, he went to the window and looked out, all the while muttering something about "red skies," "fair day tomorrow," "a perfect induction." Hearing such queer talk, I looked around, expecting to see a brown bottle somewhere, but none was to be seen.

He then went to the desk and took from a drawer a roll of blue prints, which he spread out and eagerly scanned. I sneaked up behind him without being observed, so absorbed was he in his work. What was my astonishment, on looking at the drawings, to see that they were sections of chimneys, mostly round, a few square. Every now and then he would consult a book entitled "A Treatise on the Chimneys of Worcester" by Prof. A. Priori. Why he



was studying chimney construction, I could not understand; but when he took from the desk some reagent bottles labeled "Silver Salts," and some containing acids, and began experimenting, getting white precipitates, my astonishment was



complete. On entering the room, I had observed a long, low object completely covered with a piece of canvas. This was the next object to be investigated. The Rough Riter went toward it, hauled it out into the middle of the room, removed the canvas, and lo! — horror of horrors, — it was a corpse! He knelt down beside it and began to examine it critically. The right forearm was bared, and there, clearly defined, was the bloody imprint of a right hand! There was but one conclusion to draw, namely,—murder had been done, and our Rough Riter was the man chosen to discover the perpetrator of this foul crime.



His next action, however, destroyed this theory. He went to the window, opened it, and threw out the corpse. It fell to the ground. He threw out the book and drawings. They fell to the ground. He threw out the silver salts and the chairs, one by one. They fell to the ground. Meanwhile I heard him mumble something about “inducing the law of gravitation.” I again looked around for the brown bottle, but in vain. He next stood upon the windowsill and prepared to jump to the ground.



Since several of the chairs had received broken legs as the result of their fall, reasoning *a fortiori*, how much more likely would it be that the pedal extremity of the Rough Riter would sustain some injury. I could not stay longer, so with a shriek, I fled precipitately. When in the quiet of my room, I pondered over what I had seen. I began to doubt my own reason. Had I been to Jerry's and stayed too long? Had I been asleep and dreaming? This last conclusion seemed the most satisfactory until I went into the next recitation in our advanced course in Crime, Chimney Design, and Argumentation, when all the incidents set forth were there repeated. Then I knew that I had witnessed a dress rehearsal.





*Winthrop G. Hall.*

WINTHROP GODDARD HALL . . . *Mechanic*

“How holily he works in all his business and with what zeal.”

WIN., as he is known to all, was born and educated in Worcester, developed his fertile brain at the English High, and came to the Institute to round out his education. The old saying, “Jack of all trades, master of none,” finds its exception in Win. Not only has he stood at the top in scholarship, “but in all things does he excel.” In our Freshman year he made his first appearance in the cross-countries, and since that time he has been an enthusiastic supporter of them. He took to hurdling early in the course, made the track team, and has scored many points for Tech. and 1902. As president of the Athletic Association in our Senior year he brought about one of the most enthusiastic rallies ever held at the Institute. As president of the Institute Y. M. C. A., editor-in-chief of *The Journal* and of THE AFTERMATH, and now as president of 1902 during our last term, he has a record for ability and service hard to equal.



Winfred M. Adams



Albert L. Bliss.



Carl H. Am



F. C. Brigham



WINFRED MORSE ADAMS . . . . . *Electric*

"A grave and learned scholar he."

ONE of those hard-worked Electrics whom time and exams. have narrowed down to a chosen few. His long list of 90's and 100's on those fortnightly quizzes in Junior electricity made him an authority on the subject, and if a fellow agreed with Adams's result after class he went home feeling good. Adams's chief attractions are a pair of beautiful blue eyes and a "Hoch der Geezer" moustache that gives him an imperialistic appearance. Adams has had hard luck with the latter attraction, however, owing to some original investigations with a broken-down gas engine which he can best tell you about. A right good fellow and a credit to 1902.

CARL HENRY AU . . . . . *Mechanic*

"What's in a name?"

I'LL be dog-gorned: this man is from Washington. "Ikey" is no longer an inhabitant of our national capital, however, but distinctly and permanently a Worcester man if all we know of his family is true. He is quite musical and has always presided at the piano at our many social gatherings, — with the exception of the "Leicester Half Way Thro'," when he failed us, through no fault of his own, however. He is an amiable lad as a general thing, but showed a little temper when the stopper fell out of his bottle one day in lecture and some white beverage began to "perlocate" through his bag. Carl is somewhat of a shark and will land well up in the class if nothing unforeseen happens. As a physicist he is Duff's man every time and he did considerable special work during our Junior year in the labs.

ALBERT LESLIE BLISS . . . . . *Mechanic*

"Going as if he trod on eggs."

"WHERE ignorance is Bliss, 'tis folly to be wise" — just go to the Prof. and tell him what you meant to say, what you are going to do and get a good mark; that's all that's necessary. Bert hails from the metropolis of West Brookfield, and used to be a regular passenger on the Normal School special from that section; but later he took up permanent lodgings in town. Owing to his innocent and lady-like manner, we once thought he was cut out for the Normal School himself rather than for this stamping ground of great men; but since he commenced work on that ammonia-leaker he has changed. Bliss's landlord keeps a corpse factory, and nights before exams. the ghosts used to tell Bliss what was coming, but they didn't stand a ghost of a show of hitting it right. None of us did either, for that matter! He used to have a short fuzzy one in English High, but he dispensed with it before joining our crowd. His favorite subject was steam, and the head of that department was his favorite professor.

FRED CLARENCE BRIGHAM . . . . . *Mechanic*

"His friends — there are many,  
His foes, — are there any?"

THIS jolly good fellow, better known as Fritz or Fritzer, is a '98 W. E. H. S. man. He has a good share of executive ability, being business manager of THE AFTER-MATH and having served on numerous committees throughout the course. He was also our class president during the first year. Fritz is always on hand when a lark is on, and contributes his share to the sport. He is not a grind, but stands well in his work. There are a very few things that Fritz likes better than eating Newton Hall rarebit. Chief among them is working for the class. He has played basketball and won several points for 1902 in the cross-country runs, as well as doing a few stunts in the class games at the Oval. He is a man to be depended upon.



*James H. Carter*



*L. Q. Ray Clark*



*Alfred H. Chambers*



*Robert F. Coggeshall.*



JAMES HAROLD CARTER, Σ A E . . . . . *Civil*

"A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

"CHIMMIE FADDEN" hails from Leominster, where he received the rudiments of his education, graduating as salutatorian of his class in high school. He became a Civil, but has remained popular with his fellows. He was class treasurer one half. Likes to go home to drive the old nag and to attend parties not infrequently. Is noted among the Civils for his manner of speaking his mind. His thesis on fireproof construction was taken in preparation for his future career, that of working so hard as to set up spontaneous combustion.

ALFRED HAYES CHAMBERS . . . . . *Mechanic*

"Albeit in the general way  
A sober man am I."

CHAMBERS descended to us from 1901 during our Sophomore year, and we believe he found the change of associates a benefit. At least we understand he considers the change the biggest thing that has happened to him during the course. He comes from Pennsylvania and owing to his Quaker instincts is, as a general thing, of a peaceable nature. He is a good student and a pretty practical sort of a chap. During Senior year he became interested in the reversal of the Joule cycle, and is now working it out in the Subway with Bliss and the favorite professor.

LESTER OSCAR RAY CLARK . . . . . *Mechanic*

"A sight to delight in."

"CURLEY" with Newton and two or three Business College girls have been supporting a huckleberry train on the B. & A. for four years, but now we expect the fellows to take the girls and the B. & A. to take off the train. Just sing out "Curley," "Wooly" or "Westboro," and from the depths of L. O. R. Clark comes a "Ha? Aw go on," and then a bass laugh which fills the "rat-hole" with mirth. "Curley" used to sing in the church chorus in Westboro, but he was fast becoming so influenced by surroundings that he had to cut it out and take a course at Lake Chauncy instead. Several otherwise exemplary youths of 1902 can testify to the advantage of the change. "Curley" has been one of the steady athletes of the class. He has won places in nearly all the cross-countries, was on the class and 'varsity baseball teams, and has won one W for track and another for football. He has served the class as vice-president and also on many committees. He was a director in the Athletic Association during Senior year. By no means the least of his accomplishments is his skill with the pen, as this volume can well testify. For this AFTERMATH he never spared himself.

ROBERT FARRINGTON COGGESHALL, Σ A E . . . . . *Electric*

"No lark more blithe than he."

COGGY had one year's start of us in acquiring knowledge on the "Hill," as he wanted to try mastering two courses in five years. The fact that he has succeeded in this shows that he has spent only part of his time with us. Coggy has a wealth of allusions from classic literature, and he is somewhat of a critic on subjects varying from a locomotive fire-box to a three-phase alternator. His special forte is shop-work, however, and in his regimentals, consisting of a gray sweater and overalls the color of moulding sand, one would hardly recognize a genius incog.





*Arthur M. Cole.*



*H. H. Davis.*



*Philip W. Curtis.*



*Leonard Day*

ARTHUR WILLIAM COLE . . . . . *Mechanic*

“A progeny of learning.”

CHUB was born down on the Cape, and although he moved to Worcester and prepared at the English High, he has never lost his love for the briny deep. He is of a cheerful, jovial disposition, but is not very fond of the ladies; that is, we never knew him to like more than one. He is one of our expert mechanics, having had some experience before coming to Tech., and his advice is much sought by his classmates,—and Mr. Wood. It has been said that he can fill almost any position (on account of his size). Chub never did much in the cross-countries or the pole vault; in other words, his ideas are not flighty, and his opinions are solid and of weight. We predict that he will sail on a successful tack, for (pardoning the mixed metaphor) latent heat is worth many flying sparks.

PHILIP NASH CURTIS,  $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$  . . . . . *Mechanic*

“A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse.”

PHIL, as his four years of loafing must testify, received good preparation. He came to us from the English High and has floated along as peacefully as could be ever since. Besides having attended swell afternoon teas and dances, he has studied one night a week semi-regularly, put up one flask in the foundry during his course, watched Carl put up two dollars' worth in an hour, had thrilling and costly experiences with the elevator, and designed “synphonical” gears for Prof. Jones. Phil did good work accumulating fuel for Worcester's greatest bonfire and helped engineer the Junior Prom. He is a great trainer of wild horses and is going to begin on himself after he graduates.

WARREN HORACE DAVIS . . . . . *Mechanic*

“With a smile that was childlike and bland.”

KID hails from Hubbardston and is one of our representatives from Cushing. He is a noted basketball player and made the “Vaudeville team” without difficulty. Kid is a very *quiet* chap, but notwithstanding this fact he has been chosen to fill several important offices. We understand from those of the first Lowell trip that his position on the test was quite important. “Isn't that so, Charlie?” Davis is our permanent treasurer besides having held that office during the last half of Senior year. At all class exercises he is a shark, in a *modest* way. In Thermo he is particularly bright, so bright in fact that he has been excused from several exercises. As a faithful worker and classmate he is one of the best.

LEONARD DAY . . . . . *Electric*

“How happy I could be with either, were t'other dear charmer away.”

RAINY is one of the two survivors of the Fitchburg delegation. He does not completely ignore the fair sex, although he thinks no one girl quite good enough for him. Rainy has a wonderful power of pulling A's from the Faculty, although he has seldom been caught studying. He seems to prefer the Tourraine to the machine shop as a place to spend vacations, although once he was caught asking an instructor for the cheapest hotel in Boston. At one time Rainy was seized and arraigned before a prejudiced jury from '01, and was condemned to receive a beer shampoo. He has served 1902 in many ways, and was the first to get the boys together on entering Tech. for the cane-rush and for class organization.





*Chester C. Derby.*



*Thos. W. Ferguson*



*A. Morton Dexter*



*Louis W. Silbert*



CHESTER CAWTHORNE DERBY . . . . . *Civil*

"A man of forecast and of thrift."

CHESTER, disciple of Kellar, came from Leominster, where he was valedictorian of his High School class. How do we know? Chester told us. That is no joke for Chester would see it if there were any. Chester has served one term's sentence as class treasurer; but we will always remember him because of his reputation as a sleight-of-hand performer. As an illustrator and photographer he developed considerable reputation, and to him we shall owe a good share of the success of THE AFTERMATH.

ALBERT MORTON DEXTER . . . . . *Mechanic*

"And when a lady's in the case you know all other things give place."

A MERRY Devil hails from the never-before-heard-of-town of Mattapoissett on Buzzard's Bay; but his native town can't be as noisy as he is or we should have heard of it before. Deck took a varied prep. course in love at Cushing, and has been specializing in the same course here. But he takes a little mechanical engineering as an antidote. He was light comedian on the Vaudeville Basketball Team and was a member of the Barn-Stormers Troup. This hard-working man was cut out for a cross-country runner too, but as he always "won in a walk" he soon gave it up. He studied very hard the first three years — catching up — but his practical mind got to working Senior year and he fooled us all. For the last two years he has been unable to do anything very long *sans souci*.

THOMAS WILLIAM FERGUSON . . . . . *Mechanic*

"He tried the luxury of being good."

FERG. is another windfall from the W. E. H. S. He was one of the pillars of Y. M. C. A. Hall and served as vice-president of the Association in Senior year. Ferg. never went in for athletics much himself, although he played ball on the Freshman nine and served as scorer at most of the cross-countries; but he generally bought tickets for the games (two at a time) and supported the teams by his presence. He was also secretary of the class for one term. Tommy is mysteriously affiliated with some one of the gentler sex down the Blackstone Valley. Those who have caught glimpses of her speak of eyes like stars and hair that's between Auburn and Millbury; but although we are sure of the seriousness of the affair from Tom's continued discussions of matrimonial questions, especially with Prof. Gallup, the exact state of the game is in doubt. Ferg. is a conscientious chap, and developed quite a reputation as a debater in our Senior English work.

LOUIS DOUGLAS GILBERT, Σ A E . . . . . *Chemist*

"Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,  
Sermons and soda-water the day after."

IF the amount of discolorations on one's fingers counts for anything Louis must be one of Kinnie's best "Stink-mixers." He started in with the idea of taking no exams. during his course, and used to come limping around about a week after they were over brandishing a doctor's certificate; but this gag got somewhat worn about Junior year, and he began taking his medicine with the rest of us. Louis was our class president during one term of the Freshman year. He has also played on the class baseball team, and was a promising runner in the class games; but a game leg broke the promise, and he studies all the time now (when he isn't at some dance or other). Louis helped engineer the Junior Prom. and took *her* to it.



*Harry A. Greene*



*Harry E. Hawkes.*



*C. F. Harding*



*W. J. Heimutz*



HARRY HOWARD GREENE . . . . . *Civil*

“What a strange thing is man”—!

**H**ARRY is a five-year man and entered with 1901, but he is too good to have ever belonged to them. He is a good draughtsman and all-round man, but does not like to work any better than the next man. Attends Sunday school regularly (armory 3 P. M.) and is our only military man. He holds a sharpshooter's medal and owns an ice-boat at the Lake. Harry likes to tell stories, of which he has an endless store, and this probably accounts for his taking up thesis with Derby.

CHARLES FRANCIS HARDING . . . . . *Electric*

“Stately and tall, he moves in the hall,  
The chief of ten thousand for grace.”

**F**RANK was a member of the tall crowd which entered Tech. from Fitchburg, and since he came he has grown taller until at present he looks down on the whole class. He is one of the two sole survivors of the “large” delegation from the Fitchburg High School, being, as Spencer says, one of the few who could make a living in Tech. by what he learned there. Nevertheless, Frank is a shark, especially at electricity, and has helped save the reputation of his prep. school. He is a solid Y. M. C. A. man and a hard worker. He grinds week days and goes home to Fitchburg's Brooks and Daisies on Sunday. He used to work a game on the pros. for a free half-cut in the nine o'clock Monday quizzes, for the Fitchburg freight didn't get in until 9.20, and he hated to tear himself away early on Sunday evenings.

HARRY EDWARD HAWKES . . . . . *Mechanic*

“Be wise with speed.”

**T**HIS gentleman comes from the metropolis of Valley Falls, on the banks of the Blackstone. Shortly after his appearance at W. P. I. a slight growth appeared beneath his lower lip, which accounts for his common appellation of “Nanny.” He is a very taking youth — takes everything he can lay hands on. He is said to be the shadow of Sigourney, and accompanied him on that hack ride to North Worcester at the expense of 1903. Nanny played baseball and football, and wore a W in his Senior year. Mechanics threatened to be his hoodoo, but he pulled in safely. He was always the crackajack blacksmith of the class, but he could not get along in the wood-room because of a grudge he cherished against the buzz planer.

WALTER JOHN HEINRITZ . . . . . *Electric*

“I think it's so because  
I think it so.”

**D**UTCHY hails from the dam town of Clinton, but we don't lay that up against him so much as we do his betting on the Clinton polo team. He is one of the Newton Hall gang, and is noted chiefly as the man who started the mumps fad at the Hall. Since then he has played in hard luck, having been quite sick and deserted by his man Friday; but he is now back in the game to stay. He can talk electricity with any man, and always comes out ahead — ask him if you doubt it. He too has a hallucination that the electrical course is a difficult one, and to convince others of this fact he paces his room a good deal nights, but whether he is really cogitating over H. B.'s problems or just getting in training for future bliss, we can not say.





*F. E. Holmes.*



*E. C. Kendall.*



*W. A. Jordan.*



*Gust Le R. Knowles*

FRED EVERETT HOLMES . . . . . *Mechanic*

“He that questioneth much shall learn much.”

SAM came to us after a three-years' course in committing to memory at the Worcester English High. He is a native of the town of Greendale, and one of the prominent members of the Greendale Improvement Society. During our two first years Sam shone as a star cross-country runner, but finally gave up such foolishness and settled down to pure grinding. The Glee Club numbered him among its members during our Freshman year, and he went on the memorable trip that wound up in Gardner (— \$8.00 per). He has not sung since. Holmesie has made his name a synonym for “memorize,” and his “chemical infinity” will long be remembered. But Sam is young and will do well yet.

WILLIAM ALLEN JORDAN . . . . . *Mechanic*

“’Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.”

BILL is one of our natural phenomena: in fact, he is a man of parts. He has taken turns masquerading as a first-class machinist, a professional politician, and a baggage smasher in a summer hotel. Besides all this he has made regular courting trips to Acornville. “In fact,” “so to speak,” Bill is a bluffer of the first rank, or “in other words,” he’s a rank bluffer, “as it were.” Bill was on the Glee Club Freshman year, and also on the Class Track Team and the “Scrub.” Later he helped sing the Republican party to victory; but he had so much studying to do that he gave up these diversions and tended strictly to his courting and the assistant managership of the W. P. I. Cotillion. He is at present looking for a copious office chair, a “two-foot” roll-top desk, and a highly remunerative financial consideration for adorning the same with his presence and “languaging” semi-occasionally. Otherwise he is a good fellow and capable withal.

ERNEST EUGENE KENDALL . . . . . *Civil*

“Honest labor bears a lovely face.”

YOU know him,—that quiet, unassuming fellow, whose face always wears a pleasant expression, and who never was known to lose his temper. Ernie is the personification of modesty, rarely having anything to say, but in spite of this he has served the class as secretary for a term. He has an abundance of college and class spirit, and is always on deck when anything is on. Francois White is generally to be found in Ernie’s neighborhood, but if not, each is sure to be inquiring for the other. Kendall is a conscientious plugger, a quality he acquired at Worcester English High School, ’98, and he is sure to land high.

BURT LEROY KNOWLES . . . . . *Mechanic*

“A man who’s not afraid to say his say.”

BURT came from the W. E. H. S., where he had taken a severe course in argument. He still argues, in fact, it is his favorite “*modus operandi*.” He has scored in the cross-countries, has essayed fast bicycle riding, has endured an attack of poesy, and finally, but very effectively, he has worked on this deuced volume. During Freshman year he answered to the name of “Blat.” His return as a Senior was accompanied by a slight discoloration on his lip. The harmless etching did not spread. Our Senior Debates provided the necessary field for Burt’s proclivities. He induced, deduced, and deuced to his heart’s content; but above all he became famed for his admirable self-control. When Burt leaves the field of action one always feels like “After me the deluge.” Powerful blunt, but a man with a large heart.





*D.C. Lambson*



*Edwin J. Lawrence*



*E. Lester Laskin*



*Philip Liff*



DEWITT CLINTON LAMBSON

*Mechanic*

"Never less at leisure than when at leisure."

DEAC. is a product of Westfield, Mass., and is one of the stand-bys of 1902, not a fast man exactly, but one who gets there every time. He is one of the few among our number who haven't had the thought of summer practice to disturb their peace of mind, being such a skilled mechanic that Chandler realized the Washburn Shops were not in his class and so let him off. Was also one of Johnny's right-hand men in Analyt. and Descript., but thinks the course would be vastly improved if "Dutch" and English were sifted from the curriculum. Deac. is a good practical man and will be heard from later in life, we believe. Although much addicted to his books he is never averse to a little amusement and may often be found in line for the gallery entrance to Tech. box. D. Clint. is an unusually good sort of a fellow and we are glad he saw fit to throw in his lot with 1902.

EDGAR LESTER LARKIN

*Mechanic*

"Who first invented work, and bound  
This free and holiday rejoicing spirit down."

"HEY Bill." — If you want to find him hunt up Ross, for the two are inseparable. Lester can always make fun wherever he is, and is a good fellow to have around, especially when a chafing-dish racket is on, for his skill in concocting "bunnies" is enviable. He was the shark of the class in Freshman practice, having had experience in turning out columns for the Hudson city hall and other such odd jobs. He was our class treasurer during Senior year and has always been popular among the fellows.

EDWIN TALLMAN LAWRENCE

*Chemist*

"I would I were a careless child."

LAWRENCE, alias Red, alias Bubby, is one of that band which, with Kelpie, inhabits the upper regions of the Salisbury Laboratories, and counts as its chief-tain the "man with the cigarette." He is, in fact, a merry devil, and to his love of practical jokes, Willie Goodenough can testify. He has become famous chiefly for his loquacity in class meetings, and by his willingness to back THE AFTERMATH to the extent of \$25.00. He has done his part in supporting two of Tech.'s hang-outs, namely, Bragg's and Easton's Corner. Bubby will always be remembered as one of the merriest reprobates among our number.

PHILIP LOFF, ΦΓΔ

*Civil*

"Let me put in your mind, if you forget,  
What you have been ere now, and what you are."

PEEL OFF is one of the sharks of the class, coming from the class of '98, Worcester English High School. Although Phil has been prominent in class politics, in scholarship, and in athletics, we must agree that he is a remarkable paradox. He is inveterately lazy, and at the same time gets more work done than two or three average men. He has been enthusiastic in athletics, his chief faculty being his ability to get fellows out to practice. Phil never succeeded in making the Glee Club, although he was one of the prime movers of the chorus which at one time held a spiel each noon in the chapel. He was elected a member of THE AFTERMATH Board, and allowed his name to stand, but he cut the Board meetings with a constancy worthy of a better cause.



*Elihu R. Pyron.*



*Howard M. Morse*



*Geo. S. McFarland*



*Mr. Clifton Nelson*



ELIHU ROOT LYMAN . . . . . *Mechanic*

“Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings of a mighty brain!”

**L**EMON is our representative from Fall River, and he sustains its reputation for producing warm articles. He has served the class in many ways, not the least of which has been by arguing a Prof. for fifteen minutes on some simple question when there was a stiff quiz ahead. Has held the offices of class treasurer and secretary, and has served on the Class Cap and Class Day committees. During the first part of his course Elihu resided on Agricultural Street, and we believe one of his pastimes used to be playing Diogenes, and with a lantern searching for an honest man on the benches in Elm Park. Firmly believes in the principle of better late than early, and thinks eleven A. M. the proper hour for recitations to commence on the Hill. P. S.: Elihu is a minister's son, but many, including “Katie,” have doubted it.

GEORGE STUART McFARLAND, Σ A E . . . . . *Chemist*

“Was very, very bad indeed; he smoked cigars, called churches slow and raced.”

**G**EORGE, or Mack, as he is more frequently called, is from the village of Stoneham. He spent a small portion of his early Tech. life with 1901, but tired of it and came in with 1902 in time for the first cane-rush, in which event he showed that he had designs upon his former classmates. George wanted a soft thing so took up Kinnie's course. His evenings are spent in study — of subjects not relating to chemistry — and he is always willing to meet all comers at Bragg's, where he will teach them their P's and cues. Mack has served the class as a member of the Board which perpetrated this volume.

HOWARD MOORE MORSE . . . . . *Mechanic*

“It is not all gospel that thou speakest.”

“**M**R. President, I hain't got a d——n cent, but I think this assessment ought to go.” This shows that Morse has the *spirit* though he always claims to be broke. Howard has had the best interests of the class at heart from the first, and in a mighty quiet way has been interested in more than one move we have made. We feel, however, that we can not vouch for his quietness and mildness in his method of expression. He swears at “the boy,” he cusses at everything, and says “good gracious” when something really goes wrong. He should make a good hydraulic engineer, for his knowledge of “fluids” is said to be large. His wit was ever sharp, and his humor dry and plenteous.

MARCUS CLIFTON NELSON . . . . . *Mechanic*

“Such a hail of questions.”

**W**HO is the little short man trudging along behind the tall, thin one? “It's that sawed-off partner of mine. I guess he'll get here some day.” Nelson always does seem to get there with the aid of a little common sense, a lot of questions and some help. He and Morse are inseparable partners, whether it be in lab. or on a trip down town. He is a constant source of worry and anxiety to the latter, who tries to keep him straight. (!) But Nelson wanders down to Millbury now and then, and does cross-country stunts chasing a Blackstone Valley car, or gets himself lost on East Pearl Street where his face always seems to protect him. After such offenses he is ready to take a scolding from his mentor, and the more of it the better. A jolly, generally good-natured fellow, and will grow mature shortly.





*W. W. Newton*



*E. A. Reed.*



*P. A. Peeby.*



*C. S. Ross.*

WALTER WEBSTER NEWTON . . . . .

*Mechanic*

“We grant although he had much wit, that he was shy of using it.”

NEWTON comes from Westboro where he prepared at the High School in that place. Newton is a thoughtful student, although some of his notes taken between naps in lecture were of doubtful value. He has always been a quiet chap, but has nevertheless taken a decided interest in class and college affairs. Newt's chief object in coming to Tech. must have been, not to get a technical education as supposed by his Westboro friends, but to enjoy a daily ride with a few fair damsels from Millbury and North Grafton. For the first three years we believed him to be proof against the charmers' wiles, but now — we are not so sure about it.

RICHARD ALVAH GAGE REEBY . . . . .

*Mechanic*

“Bid me discourse,— I will enchant thine ear.”

ALVAH is a silent, conservative fellow with few of the visible vagaries, hobbies, or peculiarities (except a mustache) which afflict most of us. Alvah's Alphabet appellation, however, has furnished some of his fellow students with amusement by changing his last initial to an S, so he sometimes goes by the name of Rags. By persistent effort in most of his classes he lived down this name and acquired the more dignified title of, “The Late Mr. Reeby.” This too he has lived down by timing himself at every street corner, and regulating his gait in such a way as to be always on time. Alvah's specialty seems to be machine design, as he has suggested to some of the professors novel schemes in that line for increasing the efficiency of apparatus and machinery.

EDGAR HOWARD REED, Σ A E . . . . .

*Mechanic*

“One of nature's noblemen.”

WHEN Reed first came to Tech. from the W. E. H. S. and ate dinners with the noon crowd on the wood-room benches, we called him “Bunco,” but now he is known to all as “Honey.” Unassuming, the “most modest man in the most modest class,” he is ever ready to denounce any attempt at parade or show. According to Reed, before each exam. the Faculty had already determined his fate; but he always bobbed up serenely and stayed with us. He is famed for his originality, and has been at the bottom of most of the innovations which our class has introduced. As a Freshman, Honey trained for the hurdles and ran in the class games. He has also held office in the Athletic Association and Tennis Club, and has been business manager of the *Journal*, vice-president of the class, chairman of many committees, and a member of THE AFTERMATH Board. Honey is unanimously the most popular man in the class. He is of absolute honesty and integrity, and led the crusade against cribbing in an attempt to have the honor system in examinations adopted at Tech.

CHARLES SUMNER ROSS . . . . .

*Mechanic*

“I awoke one morning and found myself famous.”

CHARLEY, or “Whitehead,” as he is sometimes called, claims a place called Hopedale, somewhere down the pike, as his native city. During our first two years he was somewhat of a shark, but later became lazy and decided to join the common herd. Charley always had a leaning towards the fair sex, with whom we believe he is quite a favorite. He has always been one of the prominent men in the class. His business ability is of no mean order, and he has served on many committees, including the Junior Prom., and is Assistant Business Manager of THE AFTERMATH. He has also served as president of the class during our Senior year. Though Charley hasn't injured his health by too close application to study during the last two years, there are few smarter men in the class. He has plenty of good hard common sense and an enviable ability to put up a good stiff bluff which has helped him through many tight places in Steam and Mechanics.





*Willard H. Sigourney*



*Edmund C. Sprague.*



*P. B. Spencer.*



*Stephen L. Tabor*



WILLARD HENRY SIGOURNEY . . . . . *Electric*

"A man that hath a mint of phrases in his brain."

**E**VEN the word "original" doesn't do Sig. justice. We thought he came from Millbury at first, and the dividends on the Millbury & Worcester line have taken a decided drop of late—Willard doesn't call any more. He coasts during the winter, sometimes on his features; and during the summer he bleaches at Block Island. He rides a bicycle all the year round. Sig. is of the electric sextet, and his special ambition seems to be to run electric cars with induction motors. The Worcester Consolidated, however, refused to stop running its cars from January to June for him to run his tests. Sig. is an awful punster; but then he can't help it.

PAUL BERTRAM SPENCER . . . . . *Civil*

"I am sure care's an enemy to life."

**P**AUL hails from Brooklyn, not Greater New York, but Brooklyn, Conn., comprising three churches, two houses, a Tech Prep. school, and a name. He threw in his lot with the Civils when the time came for courses to separate and has been one of the jolliest of that happy-go-lucky band. He has been a good long-distance man in cross-countries and class games, and served 1902 as secretary during Junior year. Paul has always been a staunch Y. M. C. A. man and has held important offices in the Association. To an outsider Paul appears to support bachelor's views, but when at home the "Young" do not fail to charm him. Paul carries responsibility well, and is capable of filling a very important position.

EDMUND CLARENCE SPRAGUE, S A E . . . . . *Chemist*

"If the world will be gulled, let it be gulled."

**W**ILLIAM SHAKESPEARE SPRAGUE was born at Uxbridge-Upon-Blackstone. Always precocious, he gave early evidence of a rare poetic nature. While yet young, the Worcester sewage purification plant was installed, causing an increase of 50 per cent. in the mortality of Uxbridge and the real estate values along the river front. Young Sprague was deeply impressed, and determined to devote his life to the studies whereby such wonders could be caused. So he came to Tech. His favorite studies have been Liquor Analysis and Analysis of Shredded Wheat Biscuits. In both he has preferred quantitative to qualitative methods. Outside his course he has had many successes, notably in English. Valence towards the fair sex, about seven. He and his beaming smile will be missed sadly from Main Street next year.

STEPHEN LYMAN TABOR . . . . . *Mechanic*

"Whose medium body lodged a mighty mind."

**S**TEVE is a native of Longmeadow, Mass., and he has an exceedingly long head. He is not given to much speech generally, but his thinking is to the point and his opinion is always worth listening to. He is never forward, and yet he is always ready for a good time. Steve has served the class as treasurer and as president, has scored in the cross-countries, and has been a loyal Y. M. C. A. man. As the Association's treasurer during Senior year, he showed good business ability in managing the finances of the remodeling of the Y. M. C. A. rooms. He has served as assistant editor on the *Journal* staff, and has been one of the hardest and most efficient workers on THE AFTERMATH Board. He would never let us in on his sentimental side and Deac. could give us no information on the subject, so we can only guess who the lucky girl will be. "Goll darn you, Spider, look out for my glasses."



*Frank W. White*



*Eugene L. Thompson*



*Arthur M. Williamson*





FRANK WINTHROP WHITE . . . . . *Civil*

“O day and night but this is wondrous strange.”

FRANCOIS has always been “at home” in Worcester, and armed with a three-years’ course at the English High School, he entered Tech. to battle with civil engineering and to chum with Kendall. Frank is usually a good-natured fellow among the boys, but somehow he could not always feel amiable toward some of the Profs. The reason was that Francois thought he was as good as they, and so reminded them continually of the fact by doing as he pleased. He has never taken any honors on the athletic field, but he always shows up to cheer on the others. Since his Freshman year, Francois has been a regular visitor to the “Rat Hole” at dinner time, and the salutation he invariably receives as he strides down between the tables is, “Hoch der Kaiser.”

ARTHUR MOORE WILLIAMSON, Σ A E . . . . . *Chemist*

“In sooth it were a pleasant life with nothing in the world to do.”

“ART.” decided to come to Tech. because an elder brother who was a “shark” had paved the way for him there by making a great reputation for the family. He lost his pull in the German-English department by holding his book too close to his face while translating; and in his Junior year he ran up against H. B. Smith’s “Primer of Impedances,” or “Electricity made susceptible to the Simplest Chemist.” But his never-failing luck took him through. Art. has all the requisites for a chemist: viz., a disinclination for hard work, a kindly contempt for all students and instructors not connected with the Chemical course, and luck. He never lets himself be worried, or hurried, or flurried, he has an expressive command of English, and in his speech he is not a respecter of persons. In short, not a grind, but a good fellow.

EUGENE DIXON THOMPSON . . . . . *Chemist*

“Nay then: let the devil wear black for I’ll have a suit of sables.”

ONE of those who found ’01 too slow and joined 1902. Has always been prominent in baseball and also in the Glee Club,—when there has been an opportunity. He is a “baseball encyclopædia,” knowing the birthplace, training-ground, and record of every player of the game from its beginning. Bill Goodenough could never pass a quiet minute with Thomp., who was continually presenting him with broken beakers and “goeey” precipitates, and building bonfires on his lampstand. Thomp. was a member of a certain select body of 1902 men who made life worth living, especially for the first two years; but eventually he broke it off and busied himself with domestic life where he finds little time for frivolity.

OUR MASCOT—KWASIND

“He the strongest of all mortals, he the mightiest among many.”

IN justice to one who has ever been a very dear friend of the class, we feel we must not allow this opportunity to pass without speaking a word for him. His early youth was spent in the wilds of Maine. We do not know his ancestry. Suffice it to say, his subsequent career has proved that he was brought up in the way he should go. Since he came to us he has given ample evidence of his honesty and fidelity. He is not one to take an active part in affairs, but is ever a source of inspiration. We first met him at the time of the Leicester invasion, when he accompanied us as an ally, in his war paint and tattered robe, Old Glory. As he is one of the noble race of red men, and always appears in the costume described, he would not make a very favorable impression upon those of timorous disposition. But Kwasind is a splendid specimen and is harmless when treated with respect.



## • THESE ALSO RAN •



LEWIS B. BATTEY.—Came to Tech. from Fall River. He spent a year and a half with us, when he left to try Columbia College. Is now teaching in the State College, Pennsylvania.

CHARLES A. BOWKER.—A gift to us from 1901. Had evidently been spoiled, for he remained with us but a short time.

J. M. BUENAVENTURA.—A dead game sport. He came among us during our Sophomore year, but found too much dirt and hard work, so did not remain long. When last heard from was in South America.

GEORGE A. BARTLETT.—A jolly, fun-loving fellow who found the Tech. road a rocky one to travel. He made his second attempt at the Freshman year with us and succeeded, but even 1902 couldn't pull him through the next year, and he left us to take a job.

FRANK H. BURR.—Burr made a name for himself as a hurdler in our Freshman class games. He left us at the close of our second year to enter Norwich University, where he is now a member of 1902.

H. F. BALDWIN.—Baldy came among us from the bustling town of West Boylston. At first blush he started in to plug, clearing his mental atmosphere now and then by a visit to the bracing air and associations of his native town. Baldy once had visions of a professorship, but soon the fit left him and he started off on the trail of the steam engine. Morning, noon and night he might be found in the Power Lab. He was soon able to stop the engine and, like Cæsar, could fire in seven different ways at once, and talk at the same time. Fire proved too attractive for Baldy and he is now following one at the rate of twenty miles an hour on the B. and M. He was a favorite man in his class and served as president during our Junior year.

FREDERIC C. BAXTER,  $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ .—It was a forlorn little "Buck" who came toiling up Tech. hill after his long journey from Mansfield, Ohio. But Fred soon learned that amusement was to be had in Worcester as well as in his native "Buckeye" State. In fact he became almost as popular with the ladies as "Danny" O'Regan. Buck was vice-president of the class during one term of the Freshman year and joined the Phi Gams. He also played first mandolin in the Mandolin Club. Fred was a baseball player and developed some really creditable curves while pitching on the class team. But in spite of all Fred decided to leave us, and at the close of the second year's exams. went to try the effect of the University of Wisconsin, where he is now pitching on the Varsity.

LEICESTER F. BENTON, Jr.—Little, but oh my! Lots of fun done up in a small package. A rather retiring lad until you knew him well, but then he became a bunch of joy. Things got so lively on West Street during his Junior year that he was forced to retire to a suburban residence where he could grind to his heart's content. We could not get him out to class stunts, but he used to make frequent trips to Boston to attend the theatre (?). Benton came to us from Middlebury College, but even Tech. couldn't hold him. He is now with his brother in the Edison laboratories.

ALBERT A. BLODGETT.—This cheerful-faced youth used to spend two hours a day in viewing the scenery between West Brookfield and Worcester, not being able to tear himself from the comforts of home for even a night. He booked as a General Scientific with Thomp., but did not return after our Freshman year.

EDWIN G. CHAFFIN.—Ed's prep. school was Worcester Academy, where he graduated in '98. He is famed as being the champion "lady killer" on the Hill. He has "friends" in every New England village, and it is said in this connection that he contributes \$500.00 annually toward the support of Uncle Sam's postal service. Ed is prominent in athletics, having been a medal man in the cross-countries and a member of the relay and track teams. He continued with us for two and a half years, but ran up against it with a velocity  $V = \sqrt{2gh}$  in the Junior mid-years and he left us for '03. In spirit, however, he is ever and always with 1902.

CHARLES M. COCHRAN.—He came, he saw, and was conquered.

C. HENRY COCKS.—Left us after a few months of Tech.

CHARLES H. EARNSHAW.—Came to Tech. from the Academy. He stayed with us one year and then joined 1903. He could not stand even their pace (with an evening one of his own) and so left Tech. entirely.

VICTOR E. ELLSTROM.—Vic. came among us from Fitchburg with a fine reputation for scholarship: and we looked for great things after a peep at that little black notebook of squibs on chemistry. During his stay with us Cupid, as he was called, was rather nomadic in his habits, each of his lodgings seeming to have features objectionable to himself or his landlady. We lost him during our second year to our great regret, for he took a wealth of fun from the class that has never been replaced.

H. W. F. DUNKLEE.—"Dunk" came to Tech. from the Moody School at Northfield. He entered with the class of '01, but soon saw that '02 was a more congenial class and joined our ranks. He was one of the quiet fellows and one for whom everyone had a good word. He sang in the Glee Club; and if there is any doubt as to his



being jolly and ready for a good time, just ask some of the old club men. While he knew the difference between a side and a corner pocket, his habits were of the best; and unlike his roommate, he never smoked. Thinking that the course was too long, he left in the middle of the Junior year, and is now at work draughting for a firm in Lowell.

JAMES J. GRADY.— Jim came from Webster and immediately developed into a sweet singer and joined the Glee Club. He was also a good cross-country man and later turned out as a fife player for our Drum Corps. His season at Block Island in the summer of '01, and his barn-storming during the Senior year had a bad effect, we are afraid, for, much to our surprise, he left us toward the last to take up electrical work where they have no exams. We believe that he still goes to the Coliseum to see the "*sickle*" races, accompanied by that little girl with the raglan.

LEONARD D. GOODENOUGH.— "Willie," "Bill," "The Boer," as you please, was one of our brightest lights till he blew himself out in April, 1901. Still smoking, however, in Oberlin College. He was Dan's favorite conversational artist in Freshman chemistry. In the Sophomore year he almost caused a strike among chemists by hiring non-union labor in his abstract work, and a sensation in the English department by his pessimistic views on "Prince Hal." He was a source of joy and gladness to G. H. in Poly-con., but couldn't vote for McKinley because of Imperialism, Trusts, and the Boer envoys. Len scored many points for us in the cross-countries and was vice-president of the class one term.

WALTER T. GODDARD.— Claims Webster as his native town. He was with us one year, then left for a year and is now back at Tech. with the class of 1903.

GEORGE W. HATHAWAY.— Another man from Fall River, but this one proved to be a smart one. He was with us during our first year and helped hold up our end of the cane in the rush. Left Tech. to attend Brown University the next year.

HAROLD E. HINCKLEY.— Hinckley stayed with us but a short time during our first year. He decided Tech. was rather a tough proposition and sought easier worlds to conquer.

ELMER A. HOLBROOK.— Elmer was one of the tall crowd that come from Fitchburg. Among the William Street gang, to whom he was best known, he went by the name of "Brazie." A cigarette and negligee of original pattern are inseparable from our memory of his personal appearance Freshman year. He never worried over the troubles of life and after one year at the Institute, left to pursue the chemical course at M. I. T.

JOHN H. HINCHLIFFE.— Hailed from a town called Warren. His wild attempts to get a little of Danny's Chemistry during Freshman year quizzes proved too much and he left us after the June exams.

RALPH C. HOLBROOK.— Little is known of this one-time member of the class. Those who went to Wachusett our first Mountain day recall how "Dusty" towed him a-wheel to the nearest railroad station after his steed had given out. He did not survive our first exams. and left for parts unknown.

HARRIE N. HARDING.— Harrie always took considerable interest in athletics, but more in "dramatics and otherwise," as demonstrated at the Park and Worcester theatres. He can whistle any tune ever sung in any theatre since Yankee Doodle



Dandy and Cyrano de Bric-a-brac took the girl from Maxim's and Sweet Anne Paige in Central Park to Listen to the Band. Ach! he sometimes tries to sing some of them. His Nibbs played on the Vaudeville Basketball team as centre and forward, but did his best work as "umpire rattler" with his perpetual forced draught. On a certain cold Sabbath morn he led a certain yell in the centre of Leominster, Massachusetts. 'Twas short and snappy. Harrie took a shine to a 1903 member during our Junior year, and so left us to be nearer him.

SAMUEL R. JONES. — Sam was our only representative from Pittsfield. He chummed with Cochran, and this fact may help to explain why his stay with us was not more protracted. We understand that at present Sam is engaged in smashing machinery in his father's shop.

HAROLD F. MILES. — This was an enigma, — to profs. and students alike, in some ways. His point blank reasons for not learning his Freshman German lessons proved a little too much for the Professor in that department, and for various additional reasons he left us after one year. He tried M. I. T. but gave that up for the life of a journalist with Worcester's "Only."

ARTHUR C. KELTON. — Kelton was one of the sharks of '02 while with us. He was a good-hearted fellow and was always willing to give another a lift. Owing to sickness he left during our Sophomore year, and for some time did well as an instructor in the International Correspondence Schools. The news of his death in March, 1902, at his home in Athol, was received with sorrow by all the members of his old class.

EDWARD W. KIMBALL. — "Kimmie" is claimed by both 1902 and 1903. If priority of possession counts, then he certainly belongs to us. He has always been prominent in Tech., having been on the Glee and Mandolin Clubs, and served the Musical Association as its president and vice-president. He also served on our class pipe and Freshman hat committees, and helped make our Junior Prom. the success it was. He is a quiet fellow but can enjoy a good time with the best. Owing to a misunderstanding with one or two subjects, he became a "special" about the end of our Sophomore year and now expects to graduate after a five-years' course.

ROGER T. MORRIS. — Roger hails from Monson Academy, '98, with M. A. for a watchword, but is now a good citizen of Worcester. Owing to poor health he was soon obliged to leave college. We were sorry to lose him, for he is a jolly good fellow, but we are glad to see him back with 1903, and count him as one of the few redeeming features of that miscellaneous collection. His principal traits of character are scrappiness and curiosity, learning more by asking questions about what he sees than he does from some of his professors.

PERCY W. PAGE,  $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ . — "Babe" was one of our prominent men, in size and otherwise, during the first year. He started in to play football, fresh from his record at the Academy, but soon got tired or found other things more entrancing. "Yes, I am from Tech. Do you know anyone up there, Miss ——?" "Oh yes, Percy Page, — he is there now, I believe." Percy did not limit his conquests to Worcester, for after our first summer vacation there were rumors of a girl in Liverpool. Percy left us at the end of the Sophomore year and is now helping run the business of Swift & Co., Chicago.

HOWARD M. PARKS,  $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ . — Ping came to Tech. from Fitchburg, as the third representative of the Parks family. It is said that the faculty was prepared for his arrival.

Anyway, he made his presence known after he got here, having been prominent in our first cane-rush and on the football field. He was a charter member of the "Don't Worry Club."

ENOCH PERKINS,  $\Sigma A E$ . — Enoch is from Northampton, which fact accounts for his knowledge of the ways of the fair sex. He is something of an athlete, having run in the cross-countries and done good work in the quarter-mile at class games and the Tufts meet. He was a member of the Athletic Association from 1902 one year, and was universally liked. We were sorry to lose him to 1903 at the end of our Junior year.

CHARLES G. SHERMAN,  $\Sigma A E$ . — "Chuck" was one of our practical sharks who kept quiet but sawed wood. His friends remember him as a jolly good fellow with an inexhaustible supply of stories at his tongue's end. We were sorry to bid good-bye to Charlie during our Sophomore year when he left Tech., of his own choice, to strike out for himself. He is now with a firm of electrical engineers in Boston.

HERBERT R. SOUTHGATE. — "Chub" took a short course with us in football and assisted somewhat in the first class yells. But at the end of Freshman year left us to assume general managership of "Crompton-Knowles," and we understand is now occupying a position of equal importance with the American Steel and Wire Co.

WILFRID A. STREETER. — Streeter started in with us, but soon left to try his luck at Brown University. He has oscillated between the latter place and Tech. a number of times, and has finally settled down to the study of medicine in a doctor's office at Boston.

ERNEST W. TAYLOR. — This little fellow was one of the jolliest among our number. He was troubled with poor health and left to recuperate early in the course. Returned next year to join 1903, but the W. M. S. had need of him to guard their display at the Pan-Am., and now he is explaining the mysteries of carborundum to visitors at the Charleston exhibition.

ELPIDIO DE L. WERNECK. — "Brazil," as his name implies, is not a native of America, but nevertheless chose Tech. as his Alma Mater. Our earliest memory of him is connected with wood-room, where he was quite a shark and where he once came in quite close contact with a buzz-saw. This calamity, coupled with an attack of homesickness, induced "Werny" to go home until '03 should catch up with him.

ERNEST O. WHEELER. — Just plain Wheeler, but a man for all that. He had the interests of the class at heart and did much for 1902. He was the second best cross-country runner in Tech. while among us and scored many points for his class. He was a quiet fellow, but worth knowing. Left us during our Junior year and we regretted losing him.

GEORGE H. WISE,  $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ . — "Pret" came to us from the sunny South. He pulled a big stroke with all the Profs. because of his winning ways, and he easily passed Arthur Nutt's course on the strength of his artless smile. Toward the end of our Sophomore year he gave way to a desire to astonish the world, and left to enter Harvard.

CARLTON W. WOODRUFF. — Came to us from Fitchburg, bringing with him his nom-de-plume, "Would-be." He was one of our quiet men, but was always ready for a good time if one was on. Would-be's camera helped perpetuate a few incidents connected with '01's "Half Way Thro'." He left us during the Junior year.



# • ATHLETICS •



ATHLETICS play a limited and rather insignificant part in the student life of the Polytechnic. As the Faculty say, "we are in business to make engineers, not athletes." Consequently our teams are all handicapped by lack of time for training and by want of suitable facilities for accomplishing the same. The different branches of athletics are all controlled by the Athletic Association, a student organization with the exception of two directors from the Faculty.

With the opening of the fall term the football team is called out, and with the many Freshmen of Prep. school reputations the team does fairly well. Although our teams have not won many victories during late years, they have played good, clean games, with our own men, and they have won the respect of all their opponents, a fact which is evident from the large number of letters received from neighboring colleges desiring games.

Cross-country running is a sport which is indulged in with considerable enthusiasm during the fall term. A class championship series is





held each year, and a handsome banner, which hangs in the Boynton Hall library, is awarded to the winning class, their numerals being inscribed upon it.

Baseball is a sport that requires conscientious practice and good coaching, and since this is hardly possible at Tech. we have no baseball team. Class teams are generally organized in the lower classes and a few games are played.

Track athletics have continued to hold the interest of the student body as a whole. Relay teams of ability have competed at the various winter meets in New England, and have met with varying success. In 1901 the customary class games were omitted, and in their place was substituted a dual meet with Tufts College, a change which met with general approval.

The class of 1902 has played a quiet yet important part in athletics. Although we have not furnished a large number of brilliant athletes, we have furnished more than our share of men who were willing to try. The second eleven has been made up almost entirely of our classmates, men who have stood the bruises and hammering without the attendant glory.

Financially the class has contributed freely and constantly. We not only originated but have set a good example in the new method of class subscriptions. Last year a cinder track was built on that part of the campus formerly occupied by the tennis courts, and this move should give a stimulus to training. Although we lack many qualities we have a large amount of optimism. We hope for the best. Here's to the future of athletics at Tech.!



# Worcester Polytechnic Institute Athletic Association



## Officers

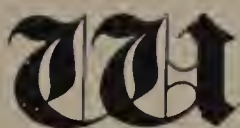
<i>President</i>	WINTHROP G. HALL, 1902
<i>Vice-President</i>	GEORGE F. READ, Jr., 1903
<i>Secretary</i>	ALFRED E. RANKIN, 1904
<i>Treasurer</i>	EDMUND S. PARSONS, 1903

## Directors

Prof. ZELOTES W. COOMBS (Chairman)	ROBERT E. HALL, 1903
Prof. LEVI L. CONANT, Ph.D.	ROBERT W. ADAMS, 1904
L. O. RAY CLARK, 1902	HORACE M. CHICKERING, 1905



<i>Football Manager</i>	JOHN C. SPENCE, 1903
<i>Baseball Manager</i>	HARRY W. MOREHOUSE, 1903
<i>Track Team Manager</i>	ROBERT C. BOOTH, 1904
<i>Football Captain</i>	JOHN H. RYLANDS, 1904
<i>Track Team Captain</i>	C. ALLAN LYFORD, 1903



The following men have earned the privilege of wearing the Varsity W :

### FOOTBALL

L. O. R. CLARK, '02	W. S. EMERSON, '04	W. R. WHEATON, '04
H. E. HAWKES, '02	A. E. RANKIN, '04	H. M. CHICKERING, '05
F. P. WALSH, '03 (Capt.)	J. H. RYLANDS, '04	R. J. CLANCY, '05
W. H. BURKE, '04	C. F. THAYER, '04	W. A. STEIMER, '05

### TRACK TEAM

L. O. R. CLARK, '02	E. G. CHAFFIN, '03	E. PERKINS, '03
W. G. HALL, '02	B. D. FOOT, '03	R. C. BOOTH, '04
P. LOFF, '02	F. L. GALLUP, '03	G. A. ROBINSON, '04
P. B. SPENCER, '02	C. A. LYFORD, '03	J. H. RYLANDS, '04
A. G. ALLEN, '03	E. S. PARSONS, '03	C. F. THAYER, '04

### BASEBALL

E. D. THOMPSON, '02	F. P. WALSH, '03
C. S. MESSLER, '03	E. L. STONE, '03

# THE COURSES





## Mechanics



**I**N THE fifth year of the reign of Thomas, whose surname was Mendenhall, when the class of 1902 first gathered from all parts of this great and glorious country, and also from foreign lands, four and forty of its members declared their intention (and set down the same in black and white on little slips of paper in Prof. Coombs' room) of striving for an S. B. by the course which leads to Mechanical Engineering. But Tech. is Tech., even for mechanics; and now there are but twenty-four who work together with the watchword, "Either I will find a way or make one."

Ours was the last class to enjoy seven o'clock shop practice. Memories are still fresh of three-minute breakfasts and of doing the hundred-yard sprint up Tech. Hill through the darkness of winter mornings to receive five hours' instruction in wood-work,—and to wait for Pop. We learned to make air brakes out of chisel handles while at the turning lathes. Baxter taught us the Mexican knife act at the ceiling (which some apt pupils have remembered even to the Senior year); and Brigham, among others, can tell how to pull nails out of a glued-down tool chest door or vise.

But it came to pass at the beginning of the next year that the shop superintendent said, "Go to; these students are using up too much material in working ten hours a day;" and as some of the instructors took counsel together and said one to another, "Five hours at a stretch are too long for the student and for the instructor," our running time was reduced to four hours (no stops per H. P. F.). To prevent the injustice to students of a twenty-four-hour-practice day, the luxury of time books was introduced at this point in our career also, and the change was a good one. Here in the machine shops we learned that all dogs but those with broken legs may be found safely kennelled in some other fellow's drawer, that lard oil is a good substitute for  $H_2O$  if used in sufficient quantities,

and that by no means the least object of shop practice is a high grade. This year, besides forming a kind opinion of Mr. Fairfield, we smote the anvil for our good friend John; we had difficulties with the high and low water whistles in the boiler-room, and, we are sorry to say, we learned of the foundry loaf.

As time went on we met some of the sterner realities of the course, not the least of which was connected with Church's Mechanics of Engineering. Prof. Kingsbury did the introducing and labored faithfully to make the acquaintance pleasant and profitable; but we found the subject dry and difficult, and we did not appreciate the man. Since that time his conduct in trying positions, his treatment of the class, and his wide knowledge of his own subject and others, have won our admiration.

Our course with Prof. Jones has been an interesting one, and one devoid of untoward incident. His trip to New York and Philadelphia with us during Senior year will not soon be forgotten. With Prof. Reeve we differed a few times in regard to the manner of going about things, but when we were willing to go half way he always cheerfully came to meet us, and we honor him as a man of patience. We would not forget Mr. Wood, to whom we desire to accord honorable mention for the many times he has *tried* to help us out of difficulties. He is not large of stature, but we wish him the best of success in holding down his double-chair in Delaware. Nor will we forget the serio-comic Hydraulic farces in which the Civils were screwed thrice to our once.

But now we have had our chance and must go forth to bear our part of the burden. We are ready and eager to go. We have learned not to despise work nor to fear it. We think of our future as we think of our country,—bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, bounded on the east by the rising sun, bounded on the south by the southern cross, bounded on the west by the Day of Judgment.



## Civils



FOR various reasons, six members of our class decided that they wished instruction in the science of bridge building and railroad location, so at the beginning of our second half year at Tech. we reported to Mr. Holden and bought the various articles which he required. We wondered a little why he was so emphatic in telling us to put our names upon them at once — we do not wonder now.

So behold us, — Chet, Ernie, Francois, Jimmie, Phil, and Polly. We had with us at odd times “Bony,” who “got excused” on account of a “hetache,” and Bun, who thought to be a Civil, but decided he could learn the profession nearer home. The six of us are still on deck and have added to our number for the Senior year H. H. Greene.

After we became acquainted with Freshman practice our work checked up admirably and we had many odd moments to watch “Chet” juggle three rocks while standing on top of a fence-post, or to eat a pie from Amsden’s in some warm corner.

Railroads were funny things for us. Willie told us we must connect our curve “onto that spiral better than four inches if it takes all summer.” Next time we tried, we hit it within .02 of an inch. We have always been kept busy in our work (the electrics to the contrary notwithstanding), but we never knew what a real practical allowance of good hard grind was until we began to get lessons from Prof. French. “You fellows don’t want a cent’s worth of anything that costs you a dollar to get.” And we realize that we are getting our money’s worth, while to his interest in our advance we owe much of the pleasure and profit of our last two years in the course. We became acquainted with Mr. Ives during our Junior railroad work, and his talks on this subject have interested some of us along that line.





A final reference to our personnel: Four of us hail from Worcester, Harry, Ernie, Phil and Francois. (They all look it.) Chet and Jimmie come from a city called Leominster, while Polly hails from the old Nutmeg State. We are a quiet lot, but can easily prove our course the hardest on the Hill. Among ourselves we always work in harmony until Worcester runs up against Leominster in the penny game with Prof. White for referee. Then we always take a three-minutes' rest to watch the game and applaud the one who breaks the bank.

Next year we shall be heard from as filling prominent positions in our chosen profession, — all but two of us. One of our number will be in the Philippines, company C, 2d Mass. Infantry. The other will possibly rival Kellar as the greatest magician of the world.



## Chemists



OUR long years ago next September, fourteen aspirants presented themselves at the portals of the Institute and avowed that when the proper time came Chemistry was to be their profession. Although the winds have howled and the storms have roared, six of these have weathered the gale, and have kept near enough to the straight and narrow path for each to have high hopes of drawing one of the coveted parchments on the 12th of June.

The 1902 Chemists have always been firm believers in the saying that "In union there is strength," and although a society with this motto has never been organized, it has always been an unwritten law that no one should do more work than anyone else. In executing this law we early aroused the ire of the professors, and Dr. Jennings frequently informed us in Qualitative Lab. that we were burning the candle at both ends, as we came into lab. in a body at 2.15 and silently stole away at 3.45. At the end of our Freshman year, five of the fellows decided that the climate of Worcester was too severe and left to attend other colleges, where the evenings were warmer and the work less strenuous.

The most notable event of the second half of the Freshman year was the discussion which was aroused when Bill Goodenough, in response to the question, "What are your impressions of Shakespeare's works?" responded, "They ain't much good anyhow. I don't see any sense in 'em."

When we got into Quantitative Analysis, Bill immediately opened up a general repair shop, and spent his time in tinkering with broken test-tubes, beakers, etc. As a side issue, he reclaimed precipitates from slop-jars and benches. He became so expert in this, that one day when a beaker containing a precipitate broke and the contents distributed



themselves over desk and floor, by careful scraping, he got the precipitate together and found upon weighing that his result was accurate to seven decimal places. Andrew Carnegie heard of this great feat and immediately offered Bill a lucrative position. We were sorry to have him leave us, but as he expressed it, "It was the chance of a lifetime."

By "argumentum a fortiori" there should have been no '02 chemists left at the beginning of the Senior year; but we fooled them somehow, and the S. P. C. sextet started on the last lap with fear and trembling. The first term passed quickly and almost without event. After the exams. in January, we spent a very enjoyable evening in singing songs and telling stories. At this time the Society for the Promotion of Conviviality was originated.

When the second term began, Sprague appeared in a brand new laboratory coat, and it took one whole afternoon and a bottle of Dr. Jennings' dyes to decorate it artistically. This last term we were initiated into Industrial Lab., and incidentally took a trip to Boston to see if large concerns used the same methods that we did. As an adjunct to the Industrial Lab. a finely-appointed smoking-room has been fitted up by the Institute, and in it we have whiled away many long and weary hours.

In Organic we exhausted ourselves trying to keep up to Dr. Jennings' lectures; and we took copious samples of the peppermint, etc., which he kindly passed around. Also Dr. K. told us in Sanitary that a milkman as well as a chemist should always have clean hands.

But now as commencement draws near we begin to think of the future, and we hate to leave our professors, as well as Freddie and Kelpie, to the mercies of the '03 crowd, especially "Whew" Pope and "Grease" Lane.





## Electrics



**T**HIS is to the Electrics, the lights of Naughty-Two. (N. B. Nothing is said about their candle power.) The above note is inserted, not of necessity, but to show our modesty. Yes, this little band of six is the pride of their admiring brothers, the Mechanics, is looked upon with awe by their non-scientific cousins, the Civils, and eagerly consulted by their fellow-sufferers, the Chemists, when deep in the mazes of “electrolytic counter electro-motive force.”

Do we hear the charge of non-attendance at class meetings? Well, the Mechanics at last decided to allow class meetings to be held when we could be present. A more patriotic little band would be hard to find! We have one member who wears his class cap even to church. Furthermore, some of us have even insisted upon displaying the class colors on our new transmission line.

Could we find six men with more varied “characteristics”? There is Frank, who arrives at lab. half an hour before doors are opened. Sig. and Adams have brought their dinners, so they are there anyway. Dutchy has just found another error in his last calculation — — — —! The next sound heard is Coggy coming up the stairs to enter with his usual cheerful smile. Some time later “Rainy” appears, but as it is Frank’s day to connect up he has time to copy lab. directions before being needed to help move resistance stands, the weight of which the designer, by some unpardonable oversight, neglected to include in his specifications.



No one will question our small numbers, as the strenuous life of an Electric is too well known to all. Until our Junior year we stood the pressure side by side with the Mechanics, but since then some of us have broken down under the continuously increasing potential, so that the little band now remaining stands for quality rather than quantity, and considers that it owes a debt of gratitude to the kind and able guidance of its honored friend, Prof. Smith.



## The Names We Used to Hear



OH DON'T you remember the rush and the whiz  
Of the days that we spent on Tech Hill?  
How Danny quite scared out our lives in the quiz,  
And we all owed the shop a small bill?

Oh don't you remember how hungry we grew  
In those hours that we passed in the shop;  
And what wood for old Dingle we deftly did hew  
While we eagerly waited for Pop.?

How we longed for the blue books sprung on us by Kinnie,  
And the trusts, Poly. Sci., Poly. Con.  
Not to mention the other things dear to our Jinny,  
And the "fort and back" motion of John.

Of Ikey, the watch-dog, we soon had enough,  
And likewise of young Willie Nutt;  
The art of precision was taught us by Duff,  
And we all taught ourselves how to cut.

Oh don't you remember our double-er Sid  
And his temprachuh-entropy curve;  
And how Deck, and Fritzer, and Bunk, and the Kid  
Gave startling examples of nerve?

The late Mr. Reeby became the first mate  
Of our great and original Honey;  
And J. K. in the office both early and late,  
Stood ready to take all our money.

We liked in our hearts, tho' we jollied like sin,  
Our arguer Bruiser or Blat;  
We also liked Deacon, and Spider, and Win,  
And Chub who was jolly and fat.



Peel Off was a pitcher, when once we played ball,  
And Curley caught close to the bat ;  
Chet and Ernie and Francois and Jimmy and Paul  
Were our civils ; but “ so much for that.”

We'll never lose track of that shampoo of beer,  
Nor the banqueters, Rainy and Bill ;  
And we think with affection of torsion and shear  
Which for Dingle we worked with a will.

We'll always remember Joe Caliper-legs,  
And Dusty with limbs long and straight ;  
And the watchman, Bill H—ly, whose steins were full kegs,  
So that he oft possessd a strange gait.

'Twas Coney you know, who the schedule did fix,  
And Johnny who mourned the shoe leather ;  
While Thomp and Bubby and all the whole six  
Of chemists were oft found together.

There was Cupid or Vic with a cherubic smile,  
And Sammy who had a queer think ;  
There was Ferg who labored without any guile,  
And Ikey who hustled for Hink.

M. Clifton Curtis, Kid Nelson, and Morse  
A mighty triumvirate formed ;  
Sig and Dutchy made sparks with the wires across,  
While Nanny, against the barn, stormed.

Then there's H. B. and Prexy, there's Doc. and F. R.,  
Carl, Coggie, and Dingtoe and Noah ;  
We would feel very sorry to wander afar,  
And not hear these names any more.

# The Journal

Of the WORCESTER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE



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*The Journal* is published bi-monthly throughout the year under the direction of certain members of the student body and an Advisory Committee of the Faculty, and aims to present matter of lasting and scientific value. Established in 1897, the five volumes that have since appeared contain a large number of original and valuable articles along technical lines, the greater number being the work of Alumni and members of the Faculty. In addition, each number contains short reviews of current articles in the lines of electrical, mechanical, and civil engineering, and chemistry. There are also full Alumni and Institute notes, as well as interesting information concerning other institutions of learning of all classes.





## Half Way Thro'



Hotel Leicester, November 5, 1900



“**M**EET at Union Station at six tonight,” was the word passed around on the quiet one Monday noon in November, 1900. Even Chub Cole didn't need more than three guesses before he realized what was doing; and well before the appointed time we began to fill up the “special” which the “Consolidated” had in readiness at the rendez-vous. We can't recall who first showed up there, but we are approximately certain that it wasn't Au. While we were waiting in our special a hack dashed across the square; and, with a hurried look over their shoulders for members of the “Bemis crowd,” Lemon and Deac. made a break and shook the hack for a bunk in the car. (Deac.— said — he — guessed — cabbie — wouldn't — get — paid — till —tomorrer.)

By the time we were scheduled to leave, a large gathering of enthusiastic and somewhat noisy unfortunates had gathered to bid us a fond farewell. We appreciated, greatly, the attentions of these self-sacrificing young men, gave them the glad hand (doubled up) when they came near, and expressed to them our sorrow over the lack of room for more than one class in the car.

For the first time in his career at Tech. Au was late that night; and, concluding that he was loth to leave home and the bosom of his family, even for one brief night, our considerate coadjutors outside persuaded him that there was no hurry about his departure. We finally gave up waiting for our three missing members, and taking aboard one of Worcester's finest for a figurehead and another to give dignity to the party, we started up Front Street. At Park Street we accumulated one

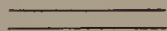
of our enterprising followers who thought he could stop the car by taking off the trolley, but he didn't know we had Frank Harding aboard. The youth was fished in by the jolly Sir Roger on the rear platform; and although we tried our best to entertain him, even the thought of a banquet ahead couldn't quite banish that worried look from his face. So we set him free *sans* car fare when we reached Leicester.

Upon our arrival we found the town peaceful enough and hastened to receive the greetings of "mine honored host" at the Leicester, as well as those of our classmates who had "held down" the place since afternoon. Among these latter were Curley Clark, who had been shadowed for weeks before, and Rainy Day, who had been alarmed by the rumor that one Half Way Thro' was the limit for any Tech. man. After spending some time in swapping experiences and in inspecting the fortifications, we watched Fritz and Louis do cake-walk stunts for the cake — of ice.

The business of the hour, however, was quite important and so we soon adjourned to the dining-room. At first, we thought we heard noises outside; but we soon dispelled this illusion and fell to — lustily. The soft candle-light in the room added to the effectiveness of the scene. Mine host turnd on his incandescents and started up the gas machine to show he was not behind the times at least. Harry Harding kept thinking he heard noises outside the windows and tried to quiet down matters with a boiler of hot water. This he succeeded in doing at the expense of a plate or two of glass. About this time Nanny Hawkes and Sig., who had been unavoidably detained on a business trip, and Carl Au, who had finally been induced to leave home scenes for a while, arrived and were greeted enthusiastically.

Loff, as master of ceremonies, proposed the following toasts: "Our Platform," Winthrop G. Hall; "A Retrospect," Leonard Day; "The Courses," Burt LeRoy Knowles; "Our Loved Ones," Arthur M. Williamson; "The Humanities," Elihu R. Lyman; "Tech. Life," Adolph J. Varrelmann; "The Class," Edwin G. Chaffin. After responding to the last toast, our president introduced "Kwasind," the "Old Man from

Maine," who has since been an honored member of 1902. Election of officers followed, and then we listened with deep interest to Carl as he recounted his adventures of the evening, and to Nanny who in tragic tones told of a kidnapping adventure that made our hair grow. In the quiet small hours we left for Worcester, and after letting friends and our loved ones of the faculty know that we had arrived, we disbanded with pleasant memories of the most notable event in the course.



## Inspired by the Sophomore German Examination



Ich weissnicht was soll es bedeuten  
Dass ich so traurig bin,  
Ein torture aus alten Zeiten  
Ist nun about to begin.  
Mein Hirn ist leer und es dunkelt,  
Und schnellig fließt der Time ;  
Der Gipfel des Boynton funkelt  
Im Morgen sonnenschein.  
Der herrliche "Coombsie" sitzt  
Dort oben mit "Jinny" so tall,  
Die Auge des "Waldy" blitzet :  
Sie denken das sie'll flunk us all.  
Sie werden geben die schreckliche Conditions,  
Und singen ein Lied dabei ;  
"Ihr Kenntnis von Deutsch ist sehr meagre,  
We'll see you again bye and bye."





## Y. M. C. A.

### Worcester Polytechnic Institute



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THE Young Men's Christian Association is the oldest student organization on Tech Hill, having maintained a continuous existence since its inception in 1886. The Association aims to promote the moral tone and christian life of the Institute, and to band the christian men of the college together for that purpose. As chapel exercises have been omitted for several years, the Y. M. C. A. is the only organized religious influence in the Institute. The membership numbers between fifty and sixty, and comprises representative men from all phases of Institute activity.

A half-hour noon meeting is held each week, and three groups of students are following out three of the courses of the Intercollegiate Bible Study Cycle. During the fall an information bureau is conducted for the benefit of new students, and all students who desire are assisted in obtaining rooms and boarding-places. During the past year the sum of eight hundred dollars was spent in fitting up a new room on the first floor of the Engineering Laboratories. The room is in the northwest corner of the building, looking down upon Institute Park, is furnished comfortably and attractively, and is open for the use of all students daily.

The W. P. I. Association is a member of the World's Student Christian Federation, which unites the fourteen national organizations of the globe, and has a total enrollment of over 80,000 students and professors.

## What the Institute Has Stood For



HOUGHTS CULLED FROM THE LETTERS OF GIFT OF JOHN BOYNTON AND ICHABOD WASHBURN, AND FROM THE ADDRESSES OF INAUGURATION AND DEDICATION DELIVERED BY PROF. JOHN S. WOODMAN OF CHANDLER SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, AND PROF. CHARLES O. THOMPSON, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE:

“The aim of this school shall ever be the instruction of youth in those branches of education not usually taught in the public schools, which are essential, and best adapted to train the young for practical life. And these studies shall be arranged, and instruction given in them according to the wisdom and discretion of those to whose care this institution is entrusted, so that the benefits of the school shall not be confined to the theories of science, but as far as possible shall extend to that practical application of its principles which will give the greatest advantages in the affairs of life.

“Whereas, in the security of piety and good morals in connection with seminaries of learning, the statutes of the Commonwealth contain the following article (Gen. Stat. Chap. 38, Sec. 10) it is therefore enjoined upon the trustees to see that these provisions are applied faithfully in this school, and that, while all sectarianism and all control of one religious sect over another is strictly prohibited, the Bible, in the authorized version, shall be in daily use, and such devotional exercises as consist with a due sense of our dependence upon the divine blessing. And it is my desire to have it especially considered by the trustees who are entrusted with the care of this institution, that its design is to give ample and thorough instruction in the several parts of education pursued so that it may be an advantage to coming generations, a help to indus-



trious and intelligent young persons, and an honor to the community in which it is established; and that those who are trained in it may be useful citizens, not only well versed in the sciences and the arts, but also persons of good morals who will lead upright and honest lives in the sight of God and man.

“I have long been satisfied that a course of instruction might be adopted whereby moral and intellectual training might be united with the processes by which the arts of mechanism as well as skill in the use and adaptation of tools and machinery are taught, so as to elevate our mechanics as a class in the scale of intelligence and influence, and add to their personal independence and happiness while it renders them better and more useful citizens, and so more like our Divine Master, whose youth combined the conversations of the learned with the duties of a mechanic’s son, and whose ideas and teachings now underlie the civilization of the world.

“What we now need is a liberal education upon a scientific basis, in order that a portion of our leading men—those whose tastes and capabilities or whose pursuits are not literary—may be placed upon the same elevation; and all the industrial pursuits and all the applications of science stand upon this broad and sufficient foundation. The old academical departments of the colleges are doing a noble work; but the books, the methods, and the schools are yet to be perfected and put systematically upon their proper work. Liberal culture upon a scientific basis must stand side by side with the literary; with the same unity of plan, uniformity of method and singleness of aim all over the land. Then will the young men from these institutions, easily and eagerly enter upon any of the applications of science in the business of life, and all these neglected fields of science, art, and taste be laid open to the public and made honorable and attractive.

“The public sentiment will often try your wisdom. For many years you will be urged to omit one or another important requisition, and allow the student to pursue only that which is practical and he intends to use in after life. And you will have to explain, over and over again, how it is that the training of one’s powers, and the thorough study of those few elements that lie at the foundation of all the sciences,

is the quickest, the surest, and the best way to prepare for any one kind of practical work. Any other way makes only a journeyman and although ever so useful for one kind of work, like the inanimate machines in the shops, he is powerless for anything else. An American citizen will never be content to be thus made into a machine. He will first be made a man—an expanded, educated, controlling man, and that will satisfy him because it meets all his higher and better wants and the inferior also. Then, with intelligent individuality he will make of himself whatever he chooses.

“The school is no place of merchandise. The teacher is no trader, but a power ordained by God for higher and better purposes; standing above and in advance of his time, leading the age upward; not following the current fancies of the hour, but teaching what people most need, and what will best satisfy them when they get it. Just as the good physician does not give you the medicine you may think you want, but what will restore you to health.

“The true teacher has his heart set upon that which is highest and best for humanity, sure that all inferior good follows, and equally sure that they who follow directly the pleasure and the profit, attain to not even the inferior good. The education that attempts to gratify and stimulate current fancies, for pay, may be a fair commercial speculation, but is spurious, and has no abiding educational power. It wants the life, the vigor, to turn men with a strong hand into right paths.

“The living force of the college is the teacher, and the power of the institution rests in the hands of each instructor, in his own line of work. Do not be deceived. The good professor is not necessarily the famous man, the great speaker, or the great writer, or the master of books, or the very learned man, or the popular man. The teacher is simply to manage his class and his subject, by patient and skillful work, so that the young men themselves will work patiently and diligently upon it and take an interest in it, and acquire as much as possible in a given time of the subject and of the best discipline that belongs to it, and of its relation to other things. His mind can not be on other matters. The only hope and ambition of the good teacher is to make great and good men of his students. As to being popular, he will strive to

deserve the approbation of all good men, and then take whatever comes. That is all any man can properly do. As to being a great and distinguished professor for students to talk about, what does that amount to? He prefers that students talk about their studies, and take great interest in them. And just in proportion to his quiet and steady contact and labor with his class will be his value to the college.

“He aims to help on that grand equipoise of intelligence when behind the arm that smites the anvil or guides the plow there shall dwell a soul tranquilized by the same philosophy and stirred by the same high hopes that guide the pen of the scholar or breathe inspiration into the words of the orator.

“He will aid, direct, and stimulate, so that the student shall educate himself, and stand forth with that self-conscious power, independence, and individuality, which is the best type of the American citizen, and the highest type of the educated man.”





## Alumni Associations



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*Vice-Presidents*

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GEORGE I. ROCKWOOD, '88

CHARLES M. ALLEN, '94

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*Treasurer*, JOHN C. WOODBURY, '76

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## Newton Hall



NEWTON HALL was first opened as a Tech. dormitory at the beginning of our Senior year, and the class of 1902 can offer convincing testimony as to the success of the institution. It has been one of the liveliest centers of Polytechnic activity. Those who have been present at the numerous impromptu banquets in Charlie's and Bill's room will not soon forget how they ate rarebit from pasteboard box covers and brown papers. Another memorable feature of life at the Hall was the monthly smoke-talk. Some of the most pleasing speakers in Worcester gave very interesting addresses, and their generosity was greatly appreciated.

Having the utmost confidence in the principles of self-government, the men living at the Hall elected a House Committee consisting of three of their own number, two Seniors and a Junior. This committee assumes all responsibility for the decorum of the house. The financial matters are zealously superintended by a committee of the Faculty.

There have been many notable incidents connected with life at Newton Hall. Several 1903 men will not forget the enthusiastic welcome with which they were received as they ranged themselves in front of the Hall after their Half Way Thro' and started the old, familiar yell,

To — To — with —

Just then a volley of tomatoes, some of which had reached maturity, more of which had passed the ripe age of tomatohood, issued from the darkened windows on the second floor. The yell was never completed.

The Newton Hall Musical Association is a noteworthy organization. Besides including all kinds of vocalists, there are some men in the association who are masters of several instruments, and their concerts are full of originality.

Fourteen of the class of 1902 have made Newton Hall their home during this last year, and all will say that life at the Hall has been full of pleasure and profit.

Doctor Ewell, the Proctor, has shown great interest in making the dormitory a success, and his kindness in arranging the smoke-talks has been appreciated by everyone. Mrs. H. H. Niles, the mistress of the house, has manifested a solicitude for the welfare of all, and many thanks are due her for the kindness she has shown.

Those who have had the pleasure of living at Newton Hall unanimously declare it a huge success, and earnestly desire its future welfare.



## Pickings From Tech.



“If you meet any men who say Pshaw!  
The wit in this book is too raw,  
You’ll know they are blinded  
Because they were grinded,  
So don’t pay no heed to their jaw.”



“I am assuming that anything I want to know is known.”—*Sid.*

KNOWLES (in Valve Design) — “Say, Fritzer, got a large curve?”

FRITZER — “No, but Chub Cole has.”

“We’ll begin where we left off next time.” — *Allen.*

“Your curves are not just correct. See me.” — *A. J. W.*

HALL (in Hydraulics) — “How can you lose more head than you’ve got?”

“You are awfully easily amused.” — *Kinnie.*

“I always like to have my students never hesitate to bluff.” — *S. A. R.*

“I don’t believe there is anything certain in this world.” — *Knowles.*

UNCTUOSITY — “Stickiness per square inch.” — *Baker, ’01.*

Now Physics is exceedingly tough,  
As expounded by A. Wilmer Dough:  
But anyone feals  
That under Joe Beals  
There was nothing to do but to blough.

“Say! Nanny, have you seen Rainy Day?”

“No, but I guess he’ll be along shortly; I can see his coat around the corner there.”



Y. M. C. A. MAN — “Hello! going to the Association reception tonight at the President’s house?”

FRESHMAN WHEATON — “No, I think not. I haven’t paid my tuition yet.”

MORSE (to Reeby in the boiler-room) — “Why the h — l Reeby don’t you fill her up full of coal and go sit down. It’s d — n hard on the coal bill, but it’s easier on you.”

OUR ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY — Lake Quinsigamond.

OUR BOTANICAL LABORATORY — Elm Park.

AU — “How do you get at the cylinder and valves of an English locomotive?”

REEVE — “I think they send a small boy in.”

#### A SYLLOGISM

A mustache lends to a man dignity.

Knowles has a mustache.

ERGO — Knowles is dignified.

Where is the fallacy? The fallacy is in the minor premise.

“I am always ready to answer questions whether they come within a gunshot of Hydraulics or not.” — *Allen*.

“A good report maketh the bones fat.”

Cole must get all A’s.



“LINK MOTION”

MORSE (in lab.) — “Where are the note-books? — what, took them all up stairs? — here, don’t you go up, send the boy along.”

Nelson leaves hurriedly.

## SHOP WORK

"A hustle for a Reed lathe and a high grade."

"Ability to make up time."

"A convenient source of supply for filling up blank spaces in the schedule and for utilizing half holidays and vacations."

"That which illustrateth the old saying that 'appearances are often deceitful.'"

"A science and an art in which the science part consists in getting there on time, the art in loafing without losing the grade."

NELSON (in Electrical Lab.) — "Mr. Phelon! I just took twenty amperes right through my body."

PROFESSOR (with a quizzical glance) — "I guess you'd be in a box now, if that were the case."

"I don't cook my results" — *Kinnie*.

"That's right. The idea of these meetings is to branch out on discussions of various points." — *Zelotes*.

"Why aren't all objects phenomena of the brain?" — *Knowles*.

HOLMES — Factor of intensity — chemical "infinity."

"A sort of succotash method of voting." — *Haynes*.

MR. IVES — "White, what can you say of wells?"

WHITE — "Well, ——— ———."

"How about round chimneys?"

IN GAS ANALYSIS — "It is always well to take all the advantage of us you can in this work." — *Kinnie*.

## IN MECHANICS

Who cribs my work cribs trash.

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and can be used by many;

But he who filches from me my book

"Robs me of that which not enriches him

And makes me poor indeed."

"When the South Sea bubble burst, many people in England were ruined. A great many committed suicide. Some have not recovered yet." — *Coombs*.

KNOWLES (in Machine Design) — "How are black belts, similar to those on the dynamos in the power-house, prepared? Are they ordinary cowhide?"

CURTIS (stage whisper from back of room) — "Come from black cows."

STUDENT (writing to uncle during Senior year, in anticipation of a job from him later) — “We entered Tech. 80 men. I have been steadily improving in scholarship, and am now one of the first 40. The first six receive prizes of \$75 at graduation.”

“Now, as I have said before many times, and as you have heard many times, and as I shall probably repeat several times, ——.” — *Coombs*.

Why would Knowles make a good motorman?  
Because he has so much torque.

KINNIE — “Those solid pieces of glass tubing.”

“If the men will call their names off, it will save me from having to think at the same time.” — *Danny*.



THE GENERAL MANAGER CLEANS HIS GLASSES

PROF. JONES — “Mr. Nelson.” (Nelson rises.)

MORSE (in a stage whisper) — “Get up in the chair so he can see you.”

“Do you call that Dexter poetic?”

“Well, he doesn’t lack regular meter.”

#### IN POLY. CON.

“Mr. Morse, what can you say about the sliding scale?”

MORSE — “As I remember your lecture, I believe you said the damn thing always slides the wrong way.”

“By *high* water rate, I mean high efficiency; i. e., *low* water rate.” — *S. A. R.*

H. B. SMITH (one Wednesday) — “If there’s no objection, I think we will not have a quiz this morning.—— Is there?” (A sigh from Adams.)

THE CLASS — “Well, we guess —— not!”



U. WALDO — “ Mr. Williamson, how did you translate ‘*jedoch*’ in the third line?”

WILLIAMSON (looking hard between the lines) — “ Please sir, I haven’t got that word.”

SID — “ That engine ran so smoothly, you could stand a nickel on edge on the cylinder head.”

CLASS — Loud and long-continued Ha-ha’s.

SID (calmly) — “ Pooh, I can beat that story.”

“ This is sometimes called the corset gear. I should like to make a drawing of it for you, which I think you will recognize.” — *F. R. J.*

### CHEMICAL LITERATURE

#### *Before Organic*

Little Johnny now is dead.

His face we’ll see no more ;  
For what he thought was  $H_2 O$ ,  
Was  $H_2 S O_4$  .

#### *After Organic*

Little Johnny now is dead ;

His face we’ll see no more ;  
For what he thought was Diacetic tetrahydroterephthalic acid,  
Was Diisopropylmonomentholpyrocatachuicaldehyde.

“ A purfect inducsion,” said Coombs,  
While arangeing the chares in the roombs  
“ Is too show beyond doubt,  
That the man had the goubt,  
And so couldn’t have escaped from the Toombs.”

“ I am not in the roll of common men.” — *Derby*.

“ Men of few words are the best men.” — *Tabor*.

PROF. JONES (on belts) — “ Over the backbone is the best leather, and it is marked by a dark streak. In some belts this dark mark is so marked that it looks as if it had been marked.”

“ I am quite fond of dogs — I *can* manage to worry through the term somehow even if Freshmen don’t bring a dog into the room, yet I do wish they would think up some new trick.” — *Coombs*.

“ I’d like to ask a question that doesn’t have any bearing on the subject.”  
— *B. L. R. K.*

“ I think we have succeeded in bringing matters into a more luminous light this morning. That is sufficient.” (Exit class.) — *Zelotes*.

## OVERHEARD IN MECHANICAL LAB.

"Here, Newton, go get a scale, one divided into tenths now, you know, and hurry up, too. Nelson, lift on that five hundred pound weight: that's the idea; now pull up on that chain; easy, easy,—too much; now let her down a bit: there, that's right. Now where's that man Newton? Oh, here he is. Here, that's not the scale. I told you to get one divided in tenths, you chump. Now go back and get the right one. My, but you fellows are lazy. We'll never get through this experiment. 'She was born in old'—Well, Newton, now measure that distance. How much? Three and eight tenths? All right, put that down, Nelson. Now take off those weights; one at a time. Go easy with 'em, too. Yes, Mr. Wood, we're about finished on this experiment, as it were, I think." — *W. A. J.*

## PROBLEM IN HYDRAULICS

If it takes six months for an india-rubber elephant to hatch three leather ducks out of a cast-iron water-melon, how many shoestrings will it take to shingle the shadow of a lamppost?

HOLMES — "I heard a man speak of an engine's having 'steam consumption' the other day. How do they cure that?"

SID — "I would recommend a week's vacation in the bracing air of Greendale."

A. J. W. (in Electrical lab.) — "How can I learn the most about electricity in the shortest time?"

HARDING (working on 1000-volt circuit) — "Step right up here, Mr. Wood, and take hold of these terminals."

"Sum pholks ez like an egg — so full uv themselves thet they can't hold enny-thing else." — *Bill Jordan.*

Some strange commotion is in his brain. — *Sammy.*

## AT MEETING OF ATHLETIC DIRECTORS

Student makes a motion that a banner for the cross-countries be purchased and hung in the library.

PROF. COOMBS — "Yes, I am in favor of the plan. I think that it should be red so that it will always keep looking well and not show the dust."

PROF. CONANT (interrupting) — "Gentlemen, Prof. Coombs shows by his ignorance that he is an unmarried man. Were he keeping house, he would have known that crimson will show dust a great deal quicker than steel gray."

PROF. COOMBS (interrupting and talking very rapidly) — "There is no doubt about it, gentlemen, the steel gray always keeps looking better than crimson, which

shows the dust badly. My wife always tells me that; in fact, she always uses gray silk banners for dust-rags around our home. You can't see dust afterward."

PROF. CONANT — "As I was saying, I am heartily in favor of basketball, provided we don't have to pay anything for it and ———."

### MOUNTAIN DAY PROCLAMATION

BOYNTON HALL

H E A R A L L !

Tomorrow, if fair, all recitations will be put in suspenders. The flag will be hauled up on Boynton Hall, and it will tell whether it rains or not. The flag "ought to" be over Winthrop Hall, better known as Y. M. C. A. Hall; but as this is so high we had to change. The flag will remain up all day if it doesn't overhaul. The object of this holiday is to get all the students to overhaul all Worcester County apple orchards and cider mills, and to haul out the West Boylston fire distinguishing apparatus. Dr. Newton Hall has offered to take the men from Stanley Hall on a trip to Bug Hollow. That's all.

MARS HALL,

*For* MENDEN HALL

### IN POLY. CON.

"I wish that we could have it quiet enough so that I can read my own writing." All is quiet for a moment — then Morse gets up and closes a window.

CONTRACTS — "A bar tender can not collect for drinks, at least I think that is so. I never tried it." — *F. R. Jones.*

*Scene:* Hydraulics: 29 ½ men present. (Loff's mind is elsewhere.)

MR. ALLEN — "How many men think Ross is right?" Three men raise their hands.

"How many disagree?" Two men raise their hands.

*Puzzle:* Why don't the others answer?

*Ans.:* They are all asleep.

Mr. Ives asks Loff several questions. Loff makes vague guesses, not getting right answers. Finally comes a simple one; Loff answers correctly.

MR. IVES — "A very good guess, Loff."

CROSS-EYED PROF. — "Gentlemen, I saw that. Will the man at whom I am looking please step to the desk at once?" (Twenty-seven men immediately rise and go forward.)

"Why, Goodenough, I should think you slept in these papers!" — *J. Sin².*

"Now see here, Benton, if I sent you down to the office I suppose you'd climb up the tower and jump down." — *J. Sin².*



H. B. S. (in our last electricity lecture) — “We know nothing about electricity. All the equations that you now think you know are mere mathematical fictions; and, in order that we may have some faint idea of the nature of this agent, conceive if you will a stick in a tumbler of jelly. Let this be a magnetic whirl. Again, consider another stick in a glass of water, and let this be to your minds an electrical whirl. Now put all this into your heads and strange it is if you have not a brain whirl.”

### A STUDY OF THRUST BEARINGS

MR. WOOD — “Now I’ll run this without any oil at all. You see the scale reads 4. 2. Now I’ll put in some of this velocite and you will see it reads just about the same.” (Mr. Wood puts a generous supply of oil into the bearing.) (Pointer immediately drops to 2. 1.)

MR. W. — “Well, er-er-, that’s all right. You see the oil hasn’t worked in yet.” (Scale reads 2. 3.)

MR. W. — “There, there, now it’s coming up.” (Lyman gets hold of the lever arm and silently helps the pointer up to 5. 1.)

MR. W. — “There, now you see what it reads. That er-er- shows that that kind of oil is worse than no oil at all.”

PROF. REEVE — “Mr. Morse, how would you describe a loaded governor? What methods may be employed to accomplish this fact?” (The class roars. Morse grows red and goes to board to make a sketch, meanwhile doubling up his fist and feeling of his biceps. How should he know anything about that subject?)

“In sooth sir, he would kick on the quality of the rope that was to hang him.”  
— *Day*.

“I consider the telephone one of the necessities of a Tech. student.”  
— *Nickerson, '03*.

“Was ever book containing such vile matters so vilely bound for size.”  
— *Church's Mechanics*.

“They use this sort of an arrangement on those Western boats where they feed the boilers with mud and the cylinders with water.” — *S. A. R.*

“DUFF: A Fallacy in Physics.” — *Journal*, Vol. V, No. 3.

“Most of the strain would come on the head end of that bolt.” — *Jordan*.

“Would ever back their own opinions by a wager.” — *Day and Lyman*.

## 1902 DIRECTORY

Do you want to know —

A society swell? — See DAY, '02.

Where the Old (?) Ladies Home is? — Ask DEXTER, '02.

How to get A in Electricity? — Ask ADAMS, '02.

How to make a pun? — Ask FOOTE, '03.

All about the Oread? — Ask PARSONS, '03.

What the "Green Library's" telephone number is? — Ask E. W. KIMBALL, '03.

How to raise a mustache? — Ask KNOWLES, '02.

About the "Girls I've brought out?" — Ask JORDAN, '02.

Where Kinnie keeps his private apparatus? — Ask LYMAN, '02.

A busy man? — See HALL, '02.

How things work? — Don't ask WOOD.

How to get excused from a boiler test? — Ask "KID," '02.

How to get a good mark in Hydraulics? — Ask all the questions you can.

All about horses? — Ask CURTIS, '02.

Where Ross is? — Find BILL LARKIN, '02.

A born orator? — See REEBY, '02.

A ward politician? — See "BILL JORDAN," '02.

The result of welsh rarebit and a strong pipe? — Ask "DECK," '02.

The easiest way to do a lab. report? — Ask NELSON, '02.

A man of *tone*? — See DAY, '02.

What Shaw '03 has for a middle name? — You'll have to guess. We think it's  
Ebenezer or Ephraim.

Why Clark can always get the cake in a minstrel show? — Look at his hair.

What's going to happen to the Chemistry department? — Look at that '03 crowd.

*Enter*, Mr. Hink.

*Enter*, The class in wood-work. (Work begins.)

*Exit*, Mr. Hink.

*Voice*, "Who *was* George Washington?"

*All*,  
First in War,  
First in Peace,  
First in the hearts of his Countrymen.

*Mallets, feet, bench-boards*, Bang — smash! bang,  
Bang — smash! bang!

*Enter*, Mr. Hink. (A few private interviews.)

*Exit*, Several members of the division.

But still his tongue ran on, the less of weight it bore with greater ease.—*Knowles*.

"I want you to know, me and Charlie are running this test."—*The Kid at Lowell*.

“What cracker is this same that deafs our ears with this abundance of superfluous breath?” — *Nanny Hawkes*.

“How reverend is the face of this tall pile.” — *Harding*.

“As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in this little book.” — *Kent*.

#### WHO WAS GEORGE WASHINGTON?

A man, they say, whose fame still lasts.  
First above all in war, in camp,  
In peace, and in the hearts of men,  
A man of a decided *stamp*.

#### LAWS OF INEBRIETY

*1st Law* — The radius of gyration varies directly as the square of the number of high balls absorbed.

*2d Law* — The heavier the load the greater the slip.

VALVE DESIGN ROOM (Temperature 45° F.) — Sid takes off his coat to prove that it is quite warm.

#### STEAM! STEAM! STEAM!

Every hour in the week it would seem  
That there's nothing to do,  
But to look for a screw,  
With a zero or two in steam.

MR. ALLEN — “Reed, can you go to the board and work out those equations on submerged weirs?”

REED — “I could last night.”

PROF. (irritated) — “Gentlemen, there is too much low conversation going on here. If anyone has anything to say, let him stand up and say it like a man.” (The entire class stands up and gives a “Poly-wolly” for Tech.)

“When I went to school, we used to learn our multiplication tables to  $144 \times 144$ .”  
— *Reeve*.

REEBY (showing the proofs of his pictures down in the rat-hole) — “People say that I look stern in all these pictures.”

SIGOURNEY (sotto voce) — “We don't want a stern view of you, Reeby.”



PROF. (reading) — “I have an announcement from the office to make. The schedule has been changed.”

ALL (in whispers) — “That is the 37th time it has been changed in the last four days.”

PROF. — “Hydraulics will come at 5.30 Wednesday A. M. In view of the changes which have been made recently, and of a few more yet to be made, the faculty have voted to have 25 hours in a day instead of 24.”

PROF. — “What kind of gears are used in cable stations?”

STUDENT — “Shrouded, cast-iron gears, sometimes steel, sometimes wood.”

AU — “Do they use anything but wooden gears for cable stations? I thought that was universal. I never saw any other.”

#### WHY I CAME TO TECH.

To study modern languages.—*D. C. L.*

Business (ahem) ——— *Day.*

To learn how to earn my salt and a little more. — *H. M. M.*

To study the sciences, of which I have had all I want, by the way. — *T. H. F.*

#### SENIOR CLASS

Annual examination  
June twentieth, zworty-drei.

Books, notes, cribs. and  
stenographers allowed.

##### ELECTRO-METALLURGY

1. A mammoth generator with half a load,  
When placed in a Daniel's cell,  
Violently attacks the coppers,  
And raises particular h — l.  
  
*Explain fully, step by step, the above statement.*
2. To get Pb from a Stannous bath,  
It takes six amperes applied at the cath,  
What is the resistance of your generator,  
And have you trust in the Creator?
3. With thirteen windings on the primary coil,  
And a resistance of ten ohms to foil,  
How much current in the carbon rod  
Would put you in a box beneath the sod?
4. Seven hundred ohms, they say it takes,  
To form a few carborundum flakes.  
If this is true, and we doubt it not,  
How much will it take to make a lot?

*Do any one.*

CENSUS MAN — “What innovation, in your opinion, is most needed at Tech.?”

SUGGESTION FROM MORSE — “The abolition of the sweater as a means of saving laundry bills.”

### GOOD-BYE WORCESTER TECH.

*Air* — Good-bye Dolly Gray

We have come to say good-bye, Worcester Tech.,  
Though we leave you with a sigh, Worcester Tech.  
Many friends we've formed, and true,  
In the class of “Naughty-Two,”  
But at last we say “adieu,” Worcester Tech.

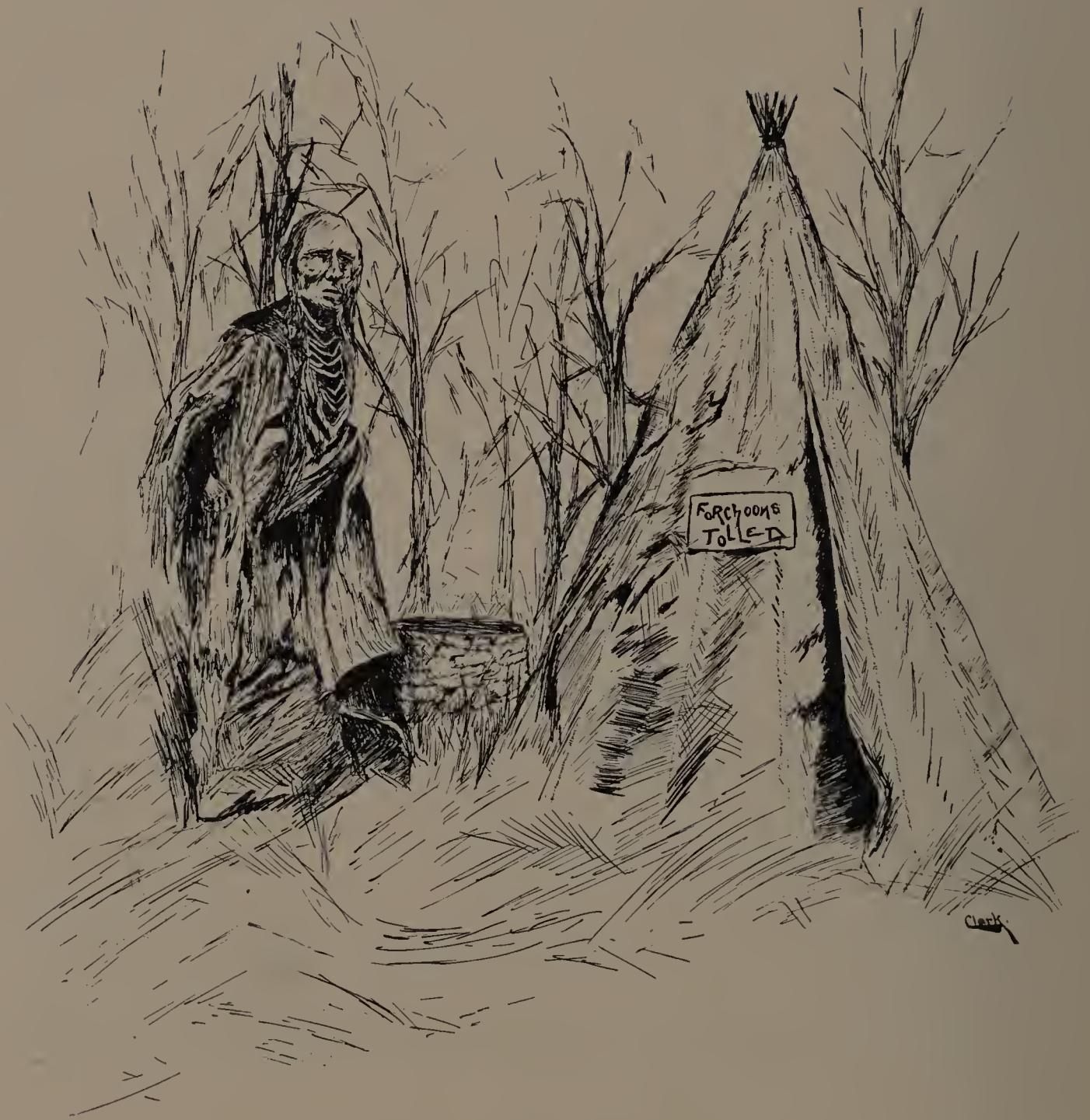
We've been four years on your hill, Worcester Tech.  
We've just paid you our last bill, Worcester Tech.  
Now we've come to graduate,  
In the world we'll meet our fate,  
Here's our thesis, What! Too late! Worcester Tech?

Good-bye, Worcester, we must leave you,  
Though it breaks our hearts to go.  
Something tells us we are needed  
In the world to earn some “dough.”  
Now we'll yell once more, on leaving  
Our old “Hika, Kika, Heck!”  
And a “Boom-la-yo” for luck, boys,  
Good-bye, Worcester Tech.









## A PROPHECY

## The Prophecy



**W**E WERE restless indeed just before our final exams. The thought of graduating and of going out to work put everyone on tip-toe to get a peep at what the future had in store. It was rumored that Burt Knowles had sent a lock of his hair in response to an advertisement which invited those who expected some important change in their lives to send a sample with a nickel, in order to learn the best move to make. Some thought that Derby wanted to do the same, but would not part with his locks. These instances are to show that the class was in a mood to do something desperate, and waited only the coming of the opportunity.

Somebody mentioned the fact about this time at a class meeting, that an Indian encampment was holding forth out by Coe's pond; upon learning which Derby made a motion in his most emphatic and decided manner that we all go out and have our fortunes told. Had anyone else made the motion, it might have been lost (or reconsidered), but in a spirit of recklessness it was voted to attend in a body; and we considered the possibilities of obtaining reduced rates if we made application beforehand. However, we all went out, and it was a big jolly, even at a quarter apiece.

It was getting rather dark when we came in sight of the place, and a fire was already started. We took them rather by surprise, and events seemed about to take a hostile turn; but as soon as they found that we had the price of an admission their old medicine man entered a picturesque tent, and we were invited to ante up as we went in. A number of convenient peep-holes were discovered by the more inquisitive, while the rest disputed who should be first. The outcome proved triumph for our four years' training in arranging ourselves in alphabetical order. So the first man was pushed under the tent flap, and we all tried to get a peep at what was going on within and hear a few words.

It was rather smoky inside; and as the tall, thin man with the blue eyes and a mustache resembling a good broom approached, the medicine man looked at him intently, examined his hand, and shook his head. Then he muttered to himself and began to address his interviewer. "You will never have nervous prostration, for you don't worry enough. In fact you move so slowly that not much of your future is in sight yet. But slow and steady wins, and the man who scored the highest marks in Prof. Smith's electricity exams. need not fear for his position on the ladder of achievement. Only beware of Heinritz. I behold a vision of yourself at the Gen-



eral Electric Works, struggling with an experimental problem. Heinritz gives advice, and you follow it. You close the circuit. A flash, a report, and you are sentenced to nine months of transformer testing."

"Augh!" grunted the medicine man, "I would advise you to get to work at once. You will soon have need of money. Your fingers are very flexible, and if you would let your hair and beard grow long you would doubtless surpass Paderewski. But the life of a famous musician would necessitate much travel, and I perceive that you are a man who will prefer to spend much time in the bosom of his family. Your forehead, however, betrays the presence of good gray matter, and Uncle Sam needs a man like you in Washington."

The next man to stand in awe before the medicine man was a dark-haired, black-eyed fellow who entered with nervous, agitated bearing and gazed furtively around. The Indian gazed steadfastly at him for a moment and then began: "You will come into possession of a sum of money shortly. (Exclamations from without. Someone writes 75 in the sand with a stick.) With this start your future will be assured. Some years from now the *W. P. I. Journal* will be addressed in your name to the Philippines. Increasing commerce in the East will demand cold storage facilities in these islands, and this demand will be your chance. You may not be able to start in this venture as the whole thing, but your fortune will lie in undertaking to lay yourself out to please your employer."

With his usual nonchalant air and a broad smile as he thought of what had just been undertaken, the next in line walked up to the entrance. How much of his fortune is summed up in that broad, winning smile. In he went and the smile now and then deepened as he watched the pictures the medicine man produced from out the mist. First there emerged a very flat, broad, black sombrero and a traveling bag. Their owner is waiting for a train and utilizing the time by studying a catalogue in which pictures of engines are the predominant feature. A typical knight of the gripsack. But another cloud obstructs the view, and as it again clears away an office appears. The same smile, but a more thoughtful brow characterizes the man at the desk. He is a member of the executive committee of the General Alumni Association, and is outlining for the president a method of getting all the alumni into line. Above the desk hangs a Tech. 1902 calendar, and this motto—*Advertise*. He learned the value of a good *ad.* in his Senior year at Tech., and the knowledge has built him up a prosperous business.

The medicine man recharged his pipe while the next man was coming in, and in the first cloud of smoke he saw a picture. A youth bending over a drafting board, a pile of specifications several yards high, and on a table near by several treatises on fire-proof construction and samples of materials. The next cloud of smoke showed the building all completed, and a good looking building it was too; but there came



a rumble, a roar, a flash, a burst of flame, and a hurrying fire department. The building was doomed, however, and the firemen were unable to check the fury of the flames. It seemed that a sleepy fireman allowed the water in the boiler to get low, thereby causing an explosion. Under the peculiar conditions, the fire-proof construction gave up oxygen readily, and iron girders and solid masonry withered in the flame. This fact discouraged Jim and he gave up fire-proof construction work in favor of the question of water supply, in which he was very successful.

"You talk like Pennsylvania," was the greeting received by the sixth man as he pushed aside the tent flap and said "Haow." "In your native Quaker state among the gas-wells, you will spend your life piping  $C H_4$  under a pressure of one thousand atmospheres over all the country, through 'wrought-iron pipes made of steel,' thereby killing all electric power transmission and throwing Sig and his associates out of business. You will also be superintendent of the Philadelphia warehouse of the S. A. R. Steamjouleairgasengine Power Co., and will sell refrigerating apparatus. Unless some girl begins to argue with you pretty soon, I fear you will continue to use Sen Sen."

As the next man entered the Indian jumped quickly to one side, but immediately recovered his dignity, remarking that he had had a vision of the newcomer flying to Millbury in an automobile. "You will continue to be a suburban resident," went on the seer, readjusting his feathered head-dress, "and will devote your business hours to the problem of making the cart go without the horse. After inventing many improvements in the design of automobiles you will obtain a monopoly of the trade for your company by your skill as an illustrator of its catalogues. Your pictures of pretty girls in autos. will become world-famous." "Gee," interrupted the subject with a beaming smile, and "Millbury Junction, change cars for Millbury," shouted a voice on the outside, upon which the interviewer retired.

"By the curve of your chin I perceive that you will be a man of leisure, a well-groomed dramatic critic. I see you as a civil electro-chemico-mechanical engineer, having charge of the catalogue writing of the several firms of a capitalistic monopoly. You look like a man who has held the measuring tape on the side lines of a football field; and one, forsooth, who knew which way to incline his rod. You will be in great demand as an umpire and referee of athletic meets; and your newspaper articles, signed as Paul Dashiell Coggeshall, alias Caspar Whitney Robert, will be widely read and quoted."

As the man who followed in the wake of the literary light entered the tent, the medicine man looked him over and then closed his eyes, falling soon into the following monologue: "A fierce storm howls along the coast, but the light-house tender forges steadily on. The crew is all below, but the master of the ship paces up and down the deck. He does not mind the sine curves which the boat is tracing, now this way

and now that, for he has his sea legs on and his weight ( $\frac{G}{g}$ ) holds him down. The smell of the salt is a tonic to him. He is not wet by the rain or spray, for he has on oil skins and the green hat with a white band which he wore in his Sophomore days at Tech., and which he still saves for dirty weather. He is on his round with the repair crew to the light-houses up the coast. He remains on deck for a farewell look at the briny deep, for it is his last voyage in this capacity. He has been notified of his appointment as superintendent of the shops of the government coast survey, and the days of his single life are numbered."

With a parting injunction from Morse, a tall, good-looking boy, with a crop of light hair which refused to stay put, then jerked himself into the tepee with a side-lining motion, grinned, and then listened. The Indian spoke: "I see this pale-face youth wandering aimlessly about on the back of a wild, unbroken colt. His legs are waving gracefully in the air near the prancing steed. He is still up to the tricks of his boyhood days, and is breaking horses on his stock farm up in Vermont. Here he raises wild horses, Jersey cattle, small dogs with tails like Archimedes' spiral, and a new breed of symphonical cats. In the winter he gives his time and inspirations to the steel industry, always keeping "the boy" near by to do any real work that may come up."

There next entered a small man with a grinning face, the jollity and pertness of which contrasted strongly with the stolid dignity of the Indian. "A pie-eater," remarked the latter, "but your record of ten quarters at a sitting will not endure long. I behold you giving exhibitions of pie and grape eating as well as performances upon the Hubbardston squash at cattle shows. And eventually I see you a manufacturer of scientific agricultural implements, in which business you will prosper after you have learned to get along without Ross. And remember always to take Roquefort cheese with your pie, something that will 'stay by you' and will eliminate all bad effects of the pie."

A large, broad-chested fellow then entered the tent and the medicine man stepped forward with admiration and placed his hand on the young man's broad shoulder; but a peculiar softness underneath the coat caused a look of disappointment to spread over the old Indian's face, and he spoke in sepulchral tones: "It is 6 A. M. Down the rickety stairs of an evil-smelling boarding house in Schenectady comes this youth, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. He enters a dining-room where a slatternly woman asks if he will have beans or hash. With a groan he says 'Hash.' While eating, I hear him sigh for some of that good Newton Hall roast beef that he used to kick so about. After gulping down a cup of dish-watery coffee, he takes his hat and goes out; and, as I follow him, I see him enter the works of the General Electric Company where he earns his 98c per." Turning to him with earnest gaze, the medicine man says, "Cease thy kicking or thy days will all be rainy." As a look of horror paled the young man's face, the Indian grunted and went on: "But



this does not last long. The youth works only long enough to earn the price of a ticket to Washington, where he enters the Patent Office and studies law evenings. When his study is completed, he goes to New York and begins to practice in the metropolis, where he can wear a plug hat every day and enjoy the services of several butlers and valets de chambre."

"I think I have seen you before," quoth the sage, eyeing the newcomer from between his partly closed lids; and the latter nervously shifted his position and replied in a hoarse whisper (due to a cold) that he had consulted him before on one or two occasions. "Did my prophecy come true and did you follow my advice?" "Yes, I did," answered our own necromancer, his agitation being rather ill-concealed by his carefully pronounced words, and I am engaged all right. I think I'll get her." "Yes you'll get her safely enough and then you will settle down to business. You had better keep in practice on your triangulation work, however, for Uncle Sam will ask you to join his Coast and Geodetic Survey, and in that position you will have a chance to carve the name of Tech up high."

A broad smile, a pair of glasses, and a few minor details, all taken together as a free body, entered the tent and stood waiting for Neverwash, the medicine man. "Being of a musical (?) disposition you will have a position, the chief duty of which is the ringing of the New Worcester Bell(e)s. I see a room, a bed, a clock, and a calendar. The sun streams in the window, the calendar tells me it is Sunday, the clock shows it to be twelve o'clock. Suddenly the alarm rings, a form in the bed moves, rises, looks at the clock; and then with a Dexter-ity born of long practice shuts off the alarm and goes once more to sleep. But things are not quite as hopeless as that. The bed changes slowly to a man-of-war, and the carpet to the flashing sea. The alarm clock becomes a group of steam gauges. The broad smile has given way to a look of responsibility and of command. The figure stands erect in a neat, blue uniform, and on the collar are the letters, in gilt, U. S. N. The glasses are still there, but above them is a cap and the words, Chief Engineer.

With an anxious look at the second man behind him in the line, the next candidate vanished within the smoky atmosphere of the tent. "The cares and responsibilities of life have already begun to weigh upon you, my friend," said the sage. "But Tech. is short and now happier times are in store for you. The wide, wide West will be the field of your next efforts. A few adventures there will tan the tenderfoot in your nature and change that sad expression to one more in keeping with your new surroundings. When the first pangs of separation from your partner are over, you will blossom forth as an architect and structural draftsman, and your taste will be impressed on the buildings of that western city fortunate enough to claim you among its residents. When that little cottage of your own is completed you will settle down to a life of usefulness, first as director of the City Y. M. C. A.,



then on the Board of Trade and other public enterprises, and finally as a deacon of your church."

"Mr. Medicine Man," said the dark-faced chemist, "are you going to give me my money's worth here?" "Yes," replied the old man, "you will get your money's worth here, but you had better not squander any more money on that red-cheeked blonde. It will take you some time to get settled, but you will finally accept a position in a rouge shop as a face-powder and toilet soap specialist. You had better get a controlling interest, and a good man to manage it, for your social duties will consume so much of your time that the business will become a side issue."

"Well," said the medicine man, "I must think a little over this." A few moments of deep thought and he began: "I seem to enter a church; a large and enthusiastic congregation is listening to the eloquent appeals of the preacher. After his marvelous success in correcting the civils of 1902 and causing them to take up a new life, the man before me realized that instead of being a soldier, a civil engineer, or a low-grade comedian, his sphere was that of a D.D. With his quiet manner and sober mien, he makes a typical 'sky pilot.' But the scene changes and I see a bon-fire. Around it are seated soldiers, one of whom is telling a story. The preacher has become the fighter and has joined the volunteers for the Philippine war, for many times have the fields changed from brown to Green, and yet they are not subdued."

With a Hika-kika on his lips the next in line pushed aside the tent flap and entered, ready to hear whatever might be in store for him. The medicine man began: "You are to be a busy man, one with few idle moments, and what you touch is bound to go, be it an automobile or a baby carriage. Some large manufacturing concern will claim you as its head, where your influence over your employees will be very powerful for good. With the memory of Shank's Spiel long ago at Tech. to guide you, there will be presented to the world the spectacle of a successful altruistic corporation. (May I trouble you for that jug there in the corner? Thanks, I get dry now and then.) As president of the Alumni Association you will be instrumental in securing Tech.'s long-felt want, a new gymnasium, and will merit the thanks of hundreds yet to tread Tech.'s hilly road. As in your younger days, the letters Y. M. C. A. will ever have a fascination for you, and the work will claim your active support. Yet a few years and even you will yield to some fair maiden's attractions, and you will win her as well as the success you so well deserve."

"Huh! heap tall this one. Sit down, Lengthy, so I can get a look at you. From your wearied cast of countenance, and the pliers and screwdriver in your hip pocket, you must be one of the General Electric Company's prospective bargains. You should sleep more. It's all very well to be an hour ahead of time, but it's a useless strain on the nerves. However, you are young yet and will learn. That high potential transformer of yours is going to make you famous,—if you don't electrocute

yourself experimenting with it. The way of the inventor is hard, but success awaits you, and there's a little girl in Fitchburg, and a little house on a side street in Schenectady that will make life worth while after all."

Then follows a stubby fellow with a sparse mustache, exercising his loud, clear voice in a number of Haw-haws and a Hay Sig. The medicine man's head appears on hearing these tones, and with a broad grin he says, "Howdy." (General excitement over the recognition.) They enter the tepee and soon our friend's future is outlined. "Your career will be extremely varied in the next few years. I see you spending your time alternately as a library attendant and a theatre supe. Taking care of your increasing collection of manuscripts has well fitted you for the former position. Later an engineering paper bearing your name discusses the Automobile at the Summer Hotel. A later change leaves you as foreman in an engine-builder's works. The broad experience which previous positions have given you is of great service in engine building, especially in keeping the men happy under your management."

"Well," said the medicine man, "I have heard of you before when I was at M. I. T. Young man, your stay at Schenectady will be short. You will decide that a man of your experience and ability should work in a field by himself. You will return to the development of your Sophomore gas engine, to which you will apply your undivided attention and at last succeed in rivaling Sid's own. A slight cloud will hover over your success however, as I foresee an expensive law suit ahead of you. This will be for alleged infringement on patents of the 'Joule Gas Engine and Transmission Co., Ltd.,' but this company, somewhat uncertain as to the outcome of the case, will decide to take you in as an active partner. You will very wisely accept this offer, for a company which has sunk as much money in an invention as this would be ready to spend much more before losing their case against you."

When the minimum man's turn came he carefully adjusted the gilt D over his heart, and with a fond glance downward at it, he buttoned his coat and went in to beard the sage, confident that no harm could befall him while he wore the mystic letter. To his surprise the old Indian began talking of Greendale and Daisy (and he spoke quite glibly, for Daisy had been out to see him only a few days before, to learn about her own future). The questions of maximum moment having been satisfactorily answered, the subject of business came up; and the youth was advised to become a piping contractor, being assured that he would be able to lay large water pipe without having it float up out of the ditch. Reference was made to the great financial success of the Greendale Patent Automatic Fire Extinguisher of which he was to be designer and installer.

"What a fine chest," was the remark overheard as "Our Mutual Friend" hustled up in turn, with a confidence as natural as the part in his hair. The air was

smoky within, and to see clearly the subject was forced to clean his glasses with a five-dollar note. The poor Indian was somewhat awed by this, and could not think of a future grand enough to fit, so he descended to the palm method. "I see the print of a smaller hand in yours (say! but he must squeeze hard). This line of ability is very well marked, and that line of experience is long and varied. You will have no trouble in finding positions enough or in filling those that you accept. Now I see you walking down the street with the sun well up and shining on your new light overcoat and patent leathers. The office boy has long ago finished dusting off your desk and chairs, and a nice posy is in the vase. Upon swinging back the doors the words Gen. Manager are seen in bold relief, and then your somewhat portly figure bustles in and the wheels of industry spin with increased vigor."

At this point Loff called out that it had been some time since a civil had gone in, and so the next man was one of their number. The man went in with an expectant grin, but he received no startling news. "You have already started on your career, and you need expect no sudden change." (You see, this man, the Kaiser's under-study, drifted into hydraulic work early in life, and while still at Tech. it became second nature for him to leave a faucet or two running. An aquarium large or small was a matter of slight moment as long as the engines were bolted down and could not float.) "But years of hard thinking will change you somewhat, and you will never be guilty of installing motors with a thousand-foot head and an inch penstock, as some other men have advised."

"Gor *ram-mit!* this must be Knowles," said the medicine man, and Knowles, not comprehending the ejaculation or the silence which followed it, murmured, "*Mister* President." Not noticing the remark the honest injun continued, "Well, Knowles," and was interrupted by howls of joy from outside, for the man who was listening at the tent flap had repeated the familiar words to the crowd outside. "Well, Knowles, you will never make a professor of valve design nor even an exponent of temprature-entropy science; but if you let your mustache grow you will succeed as an engineer, in spite of the rascally contractors. This position will also allow you to express your opinion at all times without incurring the displeasure of your superiors and thus bringing about evil results to yourself. If you would eat more pie late at night you would make a poet and story writer of no mean ability. You're no gullible whelp."

One of the Bowdoin street crowd ducks his head with a swift forward motion as he dodges within the tent flap and confronts the mighty man of wisdom, with a resolute expression. "You come from Westfield and I sympathize with you, but you're going to fool 'em. Just take a look with me. It is a modern machine shop I see before me, every lathe a Reed lathe and plenty of them. That direct motor drive is a clever scheme. I stop before the tool-room. No precocious infant hands out the end mill you do not ask for, and do I see aright?—an end mill stamped W. M. S. without a



tooth missing? Here is a pile of castings from the foundry. Yes indeed, those old Washburn and Fitchburg lathes made good, sound castings under the potent influence of the foundry cupola, and those old end mills and arbors made good, steel castings under the new super's patented process. But here's the man himself. What, Deac, don't you recognize yourself in a 'mush!' "

" Yes, young man, your future is before you. Your present tastes and inclinations will shape your destiny. Freshman wood-room will prove itself of worth. Looking ahead, I can see a well-built man sauntering about his shop with his faithful pipe dragging at the corner of his mouth. (Yes, you will have learned to smoke by that time.) You will leave Newton Hall for New Jersey, whither you will start to cut timber and ice, afterwards developing the enterprise into a wood-turning shop for producing pillars of church porches. You will still keep up your interest in the members of the " No Cuss Fraternity " whom you will entertain annually and treat to a welsh rarebit supper."

Next we pushed Loff in, and he volunteered, in an apologetic way, the information that he was a civil. " You look it," was the short reply. " But you will not follow that long. You loafed a good deal in Tech., but you are going to make up for it as a reporter on the Hourly Rusher. I see you riding in a hack to a fire, surveying the ruins, asking a few questions as to when it happened, and what ice-wagon had passed the place last, and then going back to the office without notes to write a nine-column article in fifteen or twenty minutes. You will make a good journalist."

" Well, well, if this does not remind me of the days of '49. What is that bulky article I see in your hip pocket? Well, that's all right, I am not dangerous after all. My friend, after finding a bullet to fit your dangerous weapon, you will start for the West in company, of course, with your faithful Mannheim. This will prove of continued service to you when teaching the mysteries of Calculus and Machine Design to my brothers out in Indian Territory. But, a warning! Take heed in time! The red man does not appreciate any appendage such as this. Let me sec, what is it called? Eyebrow? — No, mustache, I hear you say. Yes, after taking my advice you will exceed your fondest hopes. Under your administration the Sitting Bull Technical College will become one of America's first six."

When the short, chubby chemist went in he greeted old Neverwash with a " Hello old man," and slapped him heartily on the knee. The Indian did not appear offended however, for the collection of quarters was growing in a most gratifying manner, and the silver acted like solid lubricant, greatly reducing the coefficient of friction. " That head of yours is of magnificent proportions, and holds a valuable idea. In fact it is full of bacteria, the idea being infested with whole swarms of them. When you finish your post-graduate course, you will settle in the country and go into the dairy business. After considerable experimenting, you will invent

the correct breed of micro-organisms to keep milk sweet and produce the green spots in the cheese; and from your extensive cultures you will be able to ship the half-hour growths to creameries all over the country."

Slowly the smoke puffed out and to the Indian appeared a sumptuously-furnished office. Before a desk was a luxurious chair with heavily padded leather seat. In the chair there sat a tall, spare man, broad-shouldered and with energetic features. As he scanned the last letter of the pile before him and laid aside his pen with a long-drawn sigh of satisfaction, one might have heard a few murmured words that sounded like "g—d but I am dry." He rose, threw on his coat, and as he passed through the office door, the light was reflected from the gilded letters, "Worcester Consolidated Breweries Company, Office of the President."

"He that questioneth much shall learn much," mused the seer. "I see the outlines of a group of buildings on the summit of a hill, a steep hill. At the top of the narrow path I see a gray stone building, and high upon its aged walls a tablet like unto a gravestone, and on the stone it says, 'Worcester Free Institute.' Inside is a narrow corridor with peculiar lines in the plastering. On the left is a winding stairway, and on the right are numerous bulletin boards. A man of short stature, whose youthful face is concealed by a full beard, strides down the corridor and posts behind the glass door a fresh notice which reads: 'The Registrar may be consulted in his office daily by the students during the following hours, 11—12 A. M., 2.30—3.00 P. M. Signed by the President, per order M. C. N., Registrar.'

"Young man," he said, biting the quarter to see if it was a good one, "I see the Union Station. The sun proclaims the fact that the afternoon is wearing away, and finally the 4.15 train from the West rolls in. The train is a long one and many passengers alight, among them a good-sized bevy of laughing college girls, just home for the Thanksgiving holiday. Suddenly one of them exclaims, 'Look girls, there is our professor of Physics at Smith. I didn't know he was on our train.'" Turning in the direction in which they are looking I see a rather young man in a Prince Albert coat and a tall silk hat. His spectacles perched high upon his nose alone betray the pedagogue. On the suitcase in his hand are the letters W. W. N., Westboro. He glances at his watch, looks around from force of habit for the girls from Becker's, and finally crosses the tracks and boards the 4.50 way train for Boston.

When the next turn came we all called the name of the modest man, and after hesitating he went in with a shrug of his shoulders and a laugh; but he looked the medicine man squarely in the eye. "A fine open face," slowly remarked the Indian, "not hard to read your future." The man addressed puckered up his nose and murmured, "Rats," while the medicine man continued, "You will stay in business for a while, but as you watch the selfishness of politics you will be led to take an active part in a campaign for clean government; and in spite of yourself your friends will

send you to the State Senate. Here the people of the State will have a chance to become acquainted with you, and in course of time they will call you to the post of chief executive of the Commonwealth, which office you will fill as honorably and ably as the long line of honorable and able men who have already served Massachusetts in the same capacity. Like the man in the Bible parable, you will then hear these words, 'Friend, come up higher': and responding to the call of duty you will accept the responsibility of a portfolio in the cabinet of the President."

All this while the men outside were holding a grand pow-wow; but one man, with his hands in his pockets and a green university hat on his white head, leaned up against a tree and smoked. When he went in he swapped pipes with the Indian, and in the smoke he saw a forest of tall, sooty chimneys, all belching forth huge clouds of dense, black smoke. This was one of the large steel plants. Tracks crossed the yard in all directions, and dummy locomotives were snaking cars and white-hot ingots from one place to another. Going about from building to building with tireless energy, he saw a man with a white head, but no longer wearing a green university hat. He appeared perfectly cool and self-contained as he stopped now and then to answer questions and give directions. He was the chief engineer.

"You have Schenectady written on your forehead, and it is a good place to go, but you will tire of it worse than you did of Tech. during your Sophomore year. You will make the trip down the Hudson that Rainy wanted you to take Senior year, and will land in New York. At that place you will engage in the electric automobile business (and ride women free of charge). As you grow older and better known, the city of New York will hasten to make you a trustee of the public library of the metropolis, and you will invest your extra capital in summer hotels. There is hope that your third eyebrow will grow."

As our next stepped in, the medicine man studied him slowly, a pleased look of admiration softened the wrinkles of the old face, and at length he said, "Your trail leads across the continent to California, and across the great water to China. In the breaking up and reorganization of that empire, strong men of large abilities are needed. I see you directing the laying out and construction of great railroads which will open up the country to civilization and trade. But the railroads will not take up all your time. The fascination of the missionary work will grow upon you and you will teach nights in a missionary school, till, in a few years, you abandon railroading and accept the chair of Civil Engineering at the North China College. You will meet success as soon as you reach China and will be able to send home for a wife at the end of the first year."

Again the wise man smoked hard and he seemed to get a bad taste, for he saw no pictures in the smoke. At length, however, a hack appeared with traveling appurtenances strapped on top, and behind which ran a small, queer-looking dog. The



hack drove to a dock and out jumped a man with scholarly appearance (except for his cigarette) and a gray beard. He was followed by a young man, also scholarly in appearance, with curly brown hair. The Prof. had recognized the ability of his pupil and was going abroad with him for a year to study sanitation. When they reached Paris, the student became lost in the underground passages, but found his way out finally. When he reached home, the young man went into business in his home town, becoming a consulting chemist, and finally was appointed chairman of the State Board of Sanitation.

The Indian smoked in silence for some time, but finally spoke of his vision. "A huge floor, very smooth, and covered with chalk marks. On the farther side a young man with a high collar. He has large triangles, straight-edges, and compasses, and is working with chalk upon the floor. He is laying out a new battleship in the design-room of one of the large ship-building companies. He is interrupted frequently, but answers pleasantly. But he is dissatisfied. He asks for leave of absence, and goes to sea as an engineer, to find out how things work. He returns and resumes his duties: and, to follow up the habits formed at Tech., he accepts an offer to lecture daily at the near-by university on thermo and steam, begins the study of law and medicine, and spends the other half of his nights in original electrical investigation in the company's power-house. As his ability and sterling integrity are more and more appreciated he is called up higher and higher, till finally to the firm name is added the name of Tabor."

The next chap was a chemist, and the medicine man rubbed his hands contentedly, assuring the student that his fortune was easy, for he had already performed life's two most important duties, namely, the choosing of a profession and the winning of a wife. "You will become a teacher," quoth the sage, "an instructor of mathematics and elementary science at the Lyman School, as well as coach of their baseball team. The strange circumstance will be that Fortune will push you so hard that you will fall into a good position."

"I don't give a darn for you," said the enchanter as the professor walked in, and this latter individual held his peace, for he was on the point of addressing the self-same remark to the Indian (with the exception of the gift, for which he had a slightly different name). "However, I believe you are a good fellow on the whole, for you are always willing to explain a subject whether you know anything about it or not. This weakness or habit will grow, and naturally you will settle into a Chair. Frank White's ideas, hitherto a matter of personal attention, will be eliminated, and a new but forceful reaction will set in. Your previous experience as a critic of textbooks will be of service to you when you yourself become an author, and you may write a book which will please all students."

“ Well, young man, I see by your pigment-stained fingers that you must be a chemist. Yes, you have a great future. A man, and a chemist too, who showed such marked ability and interest as yourself in electricity and in Phelon’s lecture course should have no doubt as to his future. You will start immediately for Niagara to fill the office of Chemist for the ‘ Black Diamond Company of America.’ In a few years I foresee that you will be the celebrated consulting Electro-Chemical Engineer. Yes, Tech. will regularly receive one of your annual lectures on the ‘ Effects of Osmotic Pressure and Potential Fluctuations on the Chemical Combinations of Commercial By-products.’ ”


When the last man came out, we started off ; but just then another chap came trudging down the road in a very unconcerned way, with a brown grip under his arm, and he glanced at his watch as he passed every fifth telegraph pole. Taking off his black fedora to mop his forehead, he too passed into the tent, and the Indian said, “ Your thoughts are on that last letter you wrote applying for a position. Now if you will fix your mind on the future I can tell you the prospects that there await you. Now just be calm for a moment and do not mind that eye peering in at us. Your future is rather indefinite and hazy : but, so far as I can see, you seem to be enjoying it alone.” (Sotto voce from without: “ He don’t see very far ahead.”) “ Aside from family affairs, a long string of patents are your scalp locks, hours are shorter than they used to be on the Hill, and you have fully recovered from the strain that you were put to there. There is one matter upon which I can inform you with great confidence, namely, in regard to the length of your life. You will be the last man in the class to die.”



## A Message to García

*Being a Preachment by* ELBERT HUBBARD



“ HIS homily, first printed in the *Philistine Magazine* for March, 1899, caused the edition to be exhausted within three days of its publication.” In appreciation of the value of its lesson, the editors of this book now print it again, special permission having been obtained of the author, Mr. Elbert Hubbard, of the “Roycroft Shop, which is in East Aurora, Erie County, New York.”



## A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

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IN ALL this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain & the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba — no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil-skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle & in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this : McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia ; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, " Where is he at ? "

By the Eternal ! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies : do the thing — " Carry a message to Garcia ! "

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man, who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man — the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slip-shod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule ; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him ; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test : You are sitting now in your office — six clerks are within call. Summon any one & make this request : " Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes sir," & go do the task?  
On your life, he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, & why you want it, the clerk will go off & get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia — and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average, I will not.

Now if you are wise you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to



cheerfully catch hold & lift, are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all? A first-mate with knotted club seems necessary ; and the dread of getting "the bounce " Saturday night holds many a worker to his place.

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate — and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

" You see that book-keeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory.

" Yes, what about him ? "

" Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street, would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the " down-trodden denizen of the sweat-shop " and the " homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," & with it all often goes many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-

wells to do intelligent work ; and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out, the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders ; & he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself, and be damned !" To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his thread-bare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular fire-brand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, & the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled No. 9 boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple ; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slip-shod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude, which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly ? Possibly I have ; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds — the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it : nothing but bare board and clothes.

I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty ; rags are no recommendation ; and all employers are not rapacious & high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, & with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never



gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted ; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town & village — in every office, shop, store & factory. The world cries out for such : he is needed, and needed badly — the man who can carry a message to Garcia.







Sept. 14, 1898: What a green-looking lot we must have been.

## All in at Lytle's

The New Suits, Top Coats  
Overcoats, Shoes, Hats  
Neckwear, Shirts, Under-  
wear and everything that  
makes a first-class out-  
fitter's stock complete



*W. A. Lytle & Co.*

*Makers of the Best Clothing Made*

## METROPOLITAN STABLES

HARRINGTON & BRO. D. A. HARRINGTON, Prop.

*Livery, Hack and Boarding  
Hacks for Parties and Funerals*

## METROPOLITAN SHOPS

*Horseshoeing, Carriage Build-  
ing and Repairing*

Nos. 31, 33 and 35 Central Street  
WORCESTER, MASS. : Telephone

## *Why Do the Tech Boys Look So Slick?*



*Because They Get Trimmed  
Up at the*

## STATE MUTUAL BARBER SHOP

JOHN J. EHNES, PROPRIETOR

## DUNCAN & GOODELL CO.

*Wholesale & Retail  
Dealers in*

## Hardware, Cutlery and Tools



404 MAIN STREET  
WORCESTER, MASS.

Jan. 16, 1899: We have our first experience with the weeding-out process.  
"The removal of the thickest."

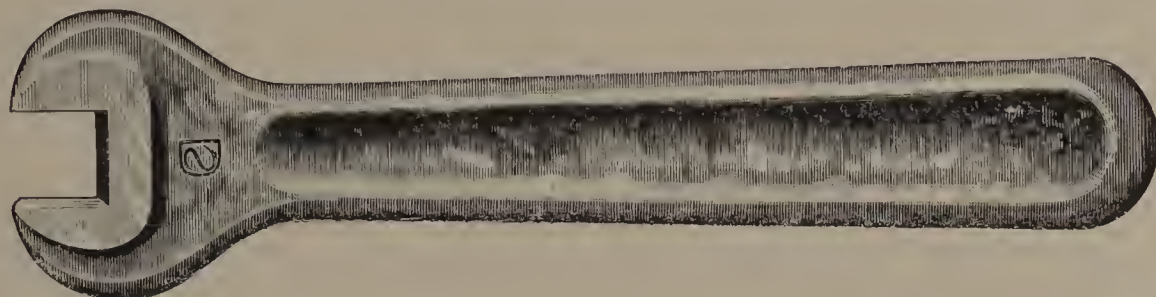
March 20, 1899: The first and only Freshman Banquet.

# SPRINGFIELD DROP FORGING CO.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

SPECIAL  
DROP FORGINGS  
OF EVERY  
DESCRIPTION

Quotations  
submitted  
on request



Engineers' and  
Machinists'  
WRENCHES  
A FULL LINE

Unexcelled in Qual-  
ity, Finish, or Price

CHUCK, TOOL POST AND SPECIAL WRENCHES; TOOL POSTS, RINGS AND WEDGES; GAS ENGINE CRANKS, COMMUTATOR SEGMENTS, GOLF IRONS. ♢ ♢ WE SOLICIT YOUR INQUIRIES

## A. BURLINGAME CO.

CHAS. D. PARKER, *Mechanical Engineer & Mgr.*

### Improved Corliss Engines

Automatic Slide-Valve Engines and  
Portable Sawmills. Complete  
Engine-room Outfits

22 CYPRESS ST., WORCESTER, MASS.

## Spencer Wire Company

WEBSTER & JACQUES STS., WORCESTER, MASS.

### WIRE *Of All Kinds*

Buckles, Loops, Rings, and Clips  
Florists' Supplies and Wire  
Fencing, Etc., Etc.

*Nickel and Brass Plating*

MILLS AT WORCESTER AND SPENCER

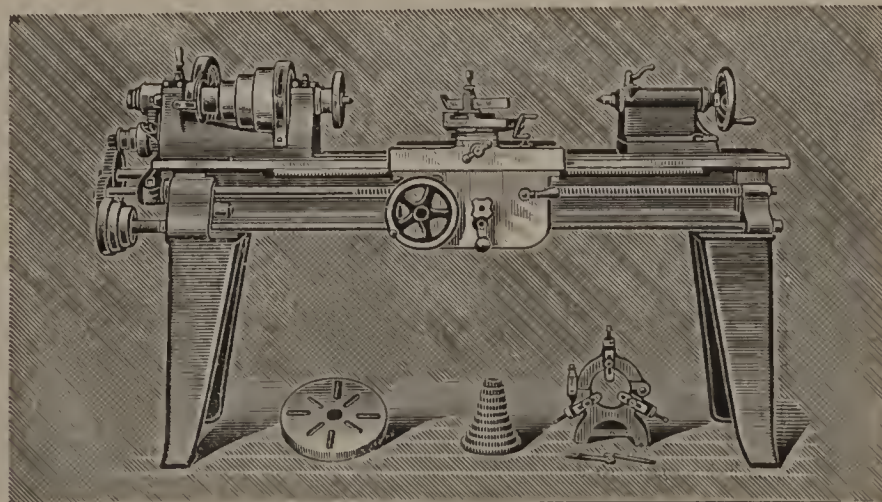
## W. C. YOUNG MANUF'G CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

### Lathes, Punches and Shears

17 and 19  
Hermon Street

Worcester  
Massachusetts



Mar. 21, 1899: Early morning — slight disturbance on North Ashland Street.



November, 1899: After publicly announcing the 1901 Half Way Thro', we assist materially in its celebration.



*WILLIAM T. BROWN*

*Tailor*

*5 Pleasant Street: Worcester*



**Elwood Adams**

*Successor to* HENRY W. MILLER



Dealer in HARDWARE, BUILDING MATERIALS, CARPENTERS' & MACHINISTS' TOOLS, COPPER, TIN & SHEET IRON WORK, WOOD MANTELS, FIREPLACE TILE AND GRATES. Sole Agent for the KELSEY FURNACES, RICHMOND STOVES & RANGES



156 Main Street, Worcester

ESTABLISHED 1885 INCORPORATED 1897  
J. P. COUGHLIN, '93, Treas. and Mgr.

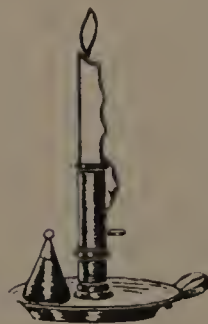
*PAGE ELECTRIC  
COMPANY*

Electric Street Railway Construction & Power Plants Installed. Isolated Electric Plants of All Systems Installed. Telephones, Dynamos & Motors. General Electric Supplies

*24 Pearl St., WORCESTER*

**HALE'S SPA**

QUICK  
LUNCHES  
& ORDER  
COOKING  
IS MY  
SPECIALTY



COLD SODA  
EGG DRINKS  
CONFECTION  
ERY, NEWSPA  
PERS & CIGARS

Don't Miss a Cup  
of My COFFEE

*Opp. Mechanics Hall*

322 Main Street, Worcester



Nov. 1, 1900: 1902 men board a Webster car in Main Street, thereby producing several excitements.

# H. SCHERVEE, *Portrait Photographer*



Dealer in Fine Frames, Bric-a-Brac  
Pictures and Books

SEE MY EVER-CHANGING COLLEC-  
TION OF PICTURES & BRIC-A-BRAC  
BEFORE DECORATING YOUR ROOM

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER TO THEIR EX-  
CELLENCIES, THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS  
OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO, W.P.I.

NEW EDITION

## **Webster's International Dictionary**


**25,000 NEW WORDS, ETC.**

Prepared under the direct supervision of W. T. HARRIS,  
Ph.D., LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education,  
assisted by a large corps of competent specialists and editors.

New Plates Throughout. Rich Bindings.  
2364 Pages. 5000 Illustrations.

*The International was first issued in 1890, succeeding the "Unabridged." The New Edition of the International was issued in October, 1900. Get the latest and the best.*

Also **Webster's Collegiate  
Dictionary.**



Specimen pages, etc., of both books  
sent on application.

**G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.**

## *J. C. Freeman & Co*

Spectacle and  
Eye-Glass  
Makers



## *Camera Supplies*

388 MAIN STREET, WORCESTER, MASS

Nov. 4, 1900: Tech. entertains at the Park Theatre, much to the discomfiture of the regular artists.

Nov. 4, 1900: Tech. shows Worcester a bonfire of maximum candle-power.

### **Producing the Choicest Grade**

of work where originality in arrangement and skill in execution are required, particularly illustrated books & machinery catalogs

**"The end is to build  
well"**

Just as true today as in 1651

## **The F. A. Bassette Compa ny: Printers & Publishers**

Springfield Massachusetts  
Germona Building



### **A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE JOURNAL OF THE INSTITUTE**

WILL HELP YOU RETAIN AND ENLARGE YOUR INTEREST IN TECH. AND ITS ALUMNI. IF YOU WISH TO KEEP UP YOUR SUBSCRIPTION, A NOTE TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER TO THAT EFFECT WILL INSURE THE JOURNAL BEING SENT TO YOUR ADDRESS WITH A BILL ANNUALLY

TERMS, ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR  
FIVE NUMBERS

Nov. 5, 1900: Doings in Leicester! Do you remember?



Oct. 11, 1901: Honey and Kid indulge in a premature celebration of Washington's Birthday.  
Exit the aforesaid members.

# NORTON EMERY WHEEL CO.



CORUNDUM AND EMERY WHEELS, EMERY WHEEL  
MACHINERY, INDIA OIL STONES, WALKER UNIVERSAL  
TOOL & CUTTER GRINDER. *Chicago Store, 25 South Canal Street*

*OFFICE AND WORKS AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS*

# EIMER & AMEND

*205-211 Third Avenue, NEW YORK*



## *CHEMICALS AND CHEMICAL APPARATUS*

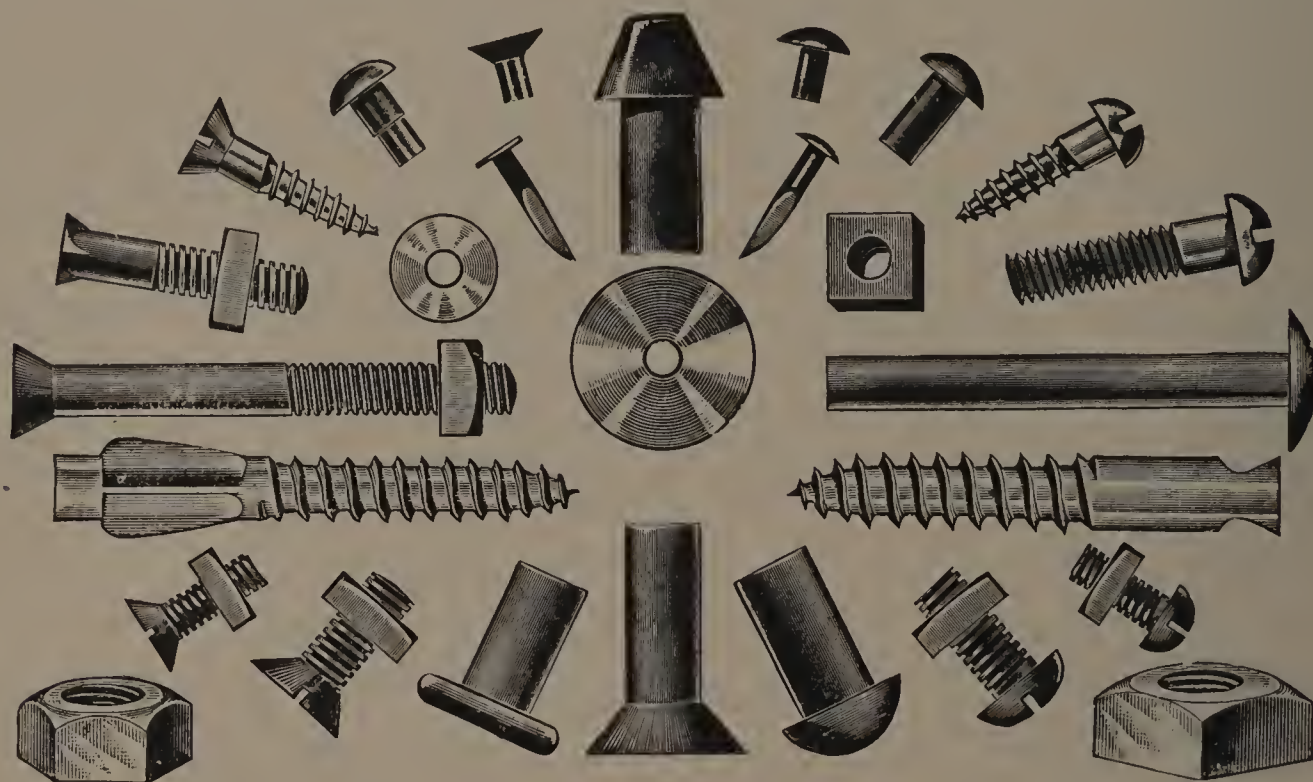
TESTING INSTRUMENTS for light, heat and power. CALORIMETERS of the most  
approved kind. PYROMETERS, electrical and others. GAS-ANALYSIS APPARATUS.  
ANALYTICAL, ASSAY and other BALANCES and WEIGHTS. PUREST HAMMERED  
PLATINUM. ROYAL BERLIN and GERMAN PORCELAINS. JENA GLASS LABO-  
RATORY WARE. FINEST BOHEMIAN and GERMAN GLASSWARE. All necessary  
accessories for assayers. : : COMPLETE LABORATORY OUTFITS A SPECIALTY.

Oct. 16, 1901: The West Boylston fire department has practice. Sterling district school receives visitors.



Nov. 1, 1901: Kinnie appoints Gilbert and Curtis his Court mathematicians.  $\cdot 0\overset{6}{\underset{16}{9}}\overset{7}{8} = ?$

Reed & Prince Mfg. Co., *Makers* WORCESTER  
M A S S



PLUNGER ELEVATOR CO.

*Hydraulic Plunger Elevators for  
both Freight and Passenger Service*

SAFEST, SMOOTHEST RUNNING, MOST DURABLE  
AND ECONOMICAL ELEVATOR  
ON THE MARKET

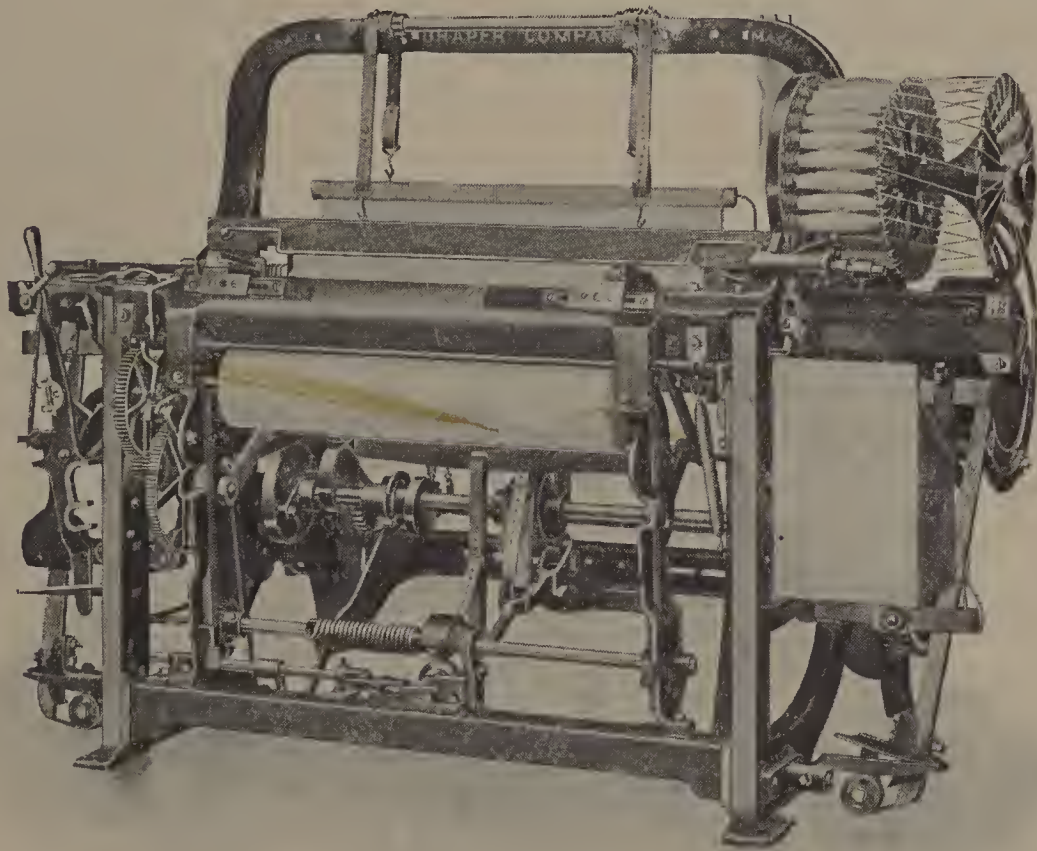
*Office and Factory*

*Worcester, Massachusetts*

Nov. 16, 1901: Morse finishes his Junior practice and celebrates.

Dec. 3, 1901: New Worcester cars snow-bound. Deck spends his first Tuesday night in his room.

# Improved Cotton Machinery



*For Spinning, Spooling, Warping, Twist-  
ing, Dyeing and Weaving*

*Including THE FAMOUS  
NORTHROP LOOM*

*The* DRAPER COMPANY  
HOPEDALE: MASSACHUSETTS

Dec. 6, 1901: Hink strikes Jordan for more work and less talk in the wood-room.

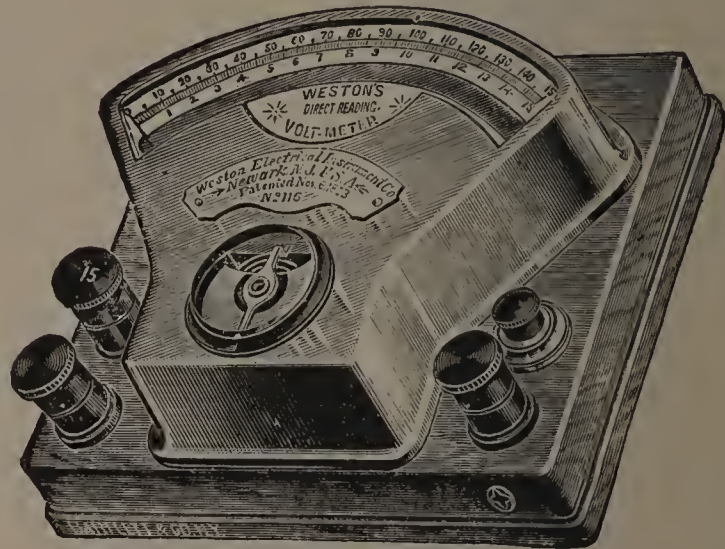


Dec. 7, 1901: Beginning of weekly debates on timely topics. For the opposition, Knowles.  
For more opposition, Coombs.

# WESTON

## Voltmeters & Ammeters

STANDARD PORTABLE  
DIRECT-READING



FOR LABORATORY USE

*Weston Standard Portable  
Direct-Reading Voltmeter*

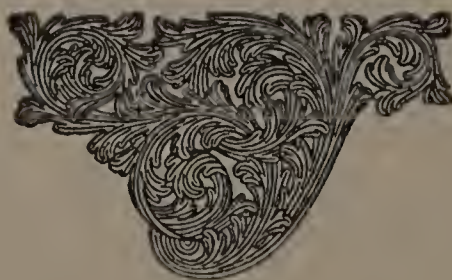
THESE INSTRUMENTS ARE THE MOST RELIABLE, ACCURATE AND SENSITIVE PORTABLE  
INSTRUMENTS EVER OFFERED

*Catalogue on Application*

WESTON ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT CO.  
WAVERLY PARK, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY: U. S. A.

# C. H. BROWN & COMPANY

*Manufacturers of the "Brown" Automatic  
Cut-off STEAM ENGINE*



*Boston Office: 34 Ames Building : LEE W. WOOLSTON, Manager*  
*Main Office and Works: FITCHBURG, MASS., U.S.A.*



March 16, 1902: Lyman arrested in Lowell for carrying concealed weapon.

# MORGAN CONSTRUCTION CO. *ROLLING MILL ENGINEERS*



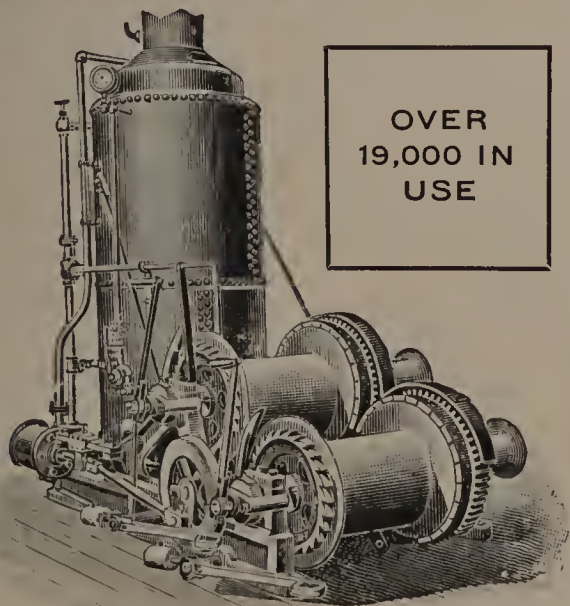
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MILLS *for* Billets,  
Bars, Rods, Hoops  
and Ties : : : : :



WIRE - DRAWING  
M A C H I N E R Y

W O R C E S T E R , M A S S A C H U S E T T S

# LIDGERWOOD HOISTING ENGINES



OVER  
19,000 IN  
USE

BUILT TO GAUGE ON THE DUPLICATE PART SYSTEM  
QUICK DELIVERY ASSURED

**S**TANDARD for QUALITY and  
DUTY. ✦ For Pile Driving,  
Building, Mining, Railroads, Con-  
tractors, and General Hoisting  
Purposes.

*STEAM & ELECTRIC HOISTS*

LIDGERWOOD *Standard Hoisting Engine*

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

# Lidgerwood Manufacturing Company

96 LIBERTY ST., NEW YORK

March 20, 1902: Lambson and Tabor get lost in Boston, and telephone to Worcester to know where they're at.

April 10, 1902 : 1903 follows our lead and gives a pretty Junior Prom.

## VALVOLINE OIL COMPANY

LEONARD & ELLIS DEPARTMENT   *Sole Refiners of*



*Valvoline Cylinder and Lubricating Oils, Illuminating  
Oils, Gasoline and Naphtha*



W. H. DRESSER, Manager - 27 State Street, Boston

## THE WASHBURN SHOPS

*of the* WORCESTER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE  
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

*Machinists, Patternmakers, Brass and Iron  
Founders.   Manufacturers of Light  
Machine Tools and Grinding Machinery*

EQUIPMENTS FOR MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOLS A SPECIALTY

## GEORGE I. ROCKWOOD

*Mechanical Engineer   Mill Engineer*



SPECIALTY: All questions in connection with  
the generation and transmission of power



*Office: 62 Summer Street, Worcester, Mass.*

April 11-18, 1902 : Grand tour of the country by the great actor, Forrester  
Johnes, and his all-star company.















